

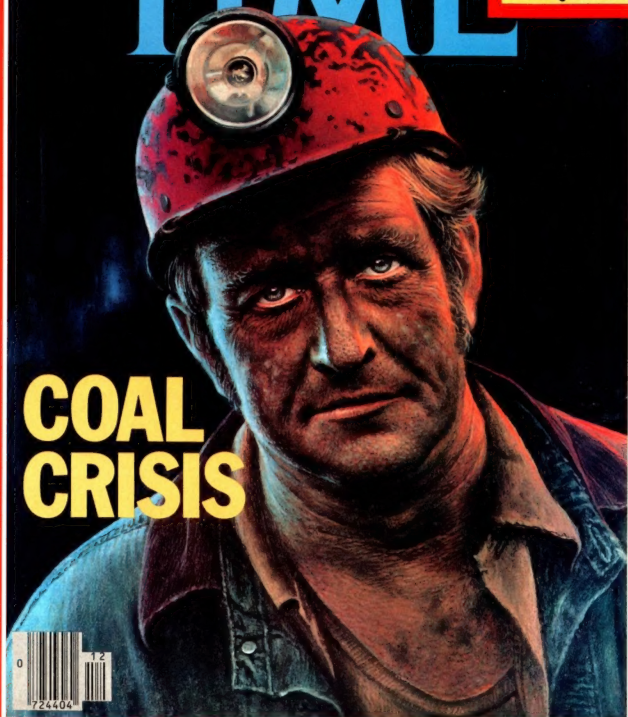
MARCH 20, 1978

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TIME

EXCLUSIVE
Sadat's
Memoirs

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A Letter from the Publisher

He tackled the project with gusto, working in the mornings after breakfast or sometimes when he simply felt in the mood. By the hour he dictated his thoughts and memories to a whirling tape recorder. When he was done, Egypt's Anwar Sadat had written a revealing autobiography, *In Search of Identity*, that presents a fresh, distinctive and certainly intimate view of a leader who is at the center of the world's attention and still making history as he writes. TIME's exclusive six-page excerpt, compiled by World Editor John Elson, is taken from the book, which will be published in April by Harper & Row.

Writing the book was Sadat's idea, according to Michael Bessie, who edited the transcripts for Harper. Says Bessie: "Sadat felt that through the telling of his own story, which was such a part of recent history, he could tell the story of Egypt as a modern nation. And because he saw Egypt as one of the most influential countries in the Arab world, he hoped that in telling of her hopes for peace he could influence peace plans in the Middle East."



Anwar Sadat at work in his home on the Nile

His autobiography is far from Sadat's first brush with the literary world. In the 1930s he began writing by turning out manifestoes for anti-British underground organizations. Jailed in 1942-44 for subversive activities, he wrote an unpublished political novel called *Prince of the Island*. After the coup that toppled King Farouk in 1952, Sadat produced three books on the revolution and also served as an editor for political newspapers.

While recounting the story of his life, Sadat got some help from a professional: Rashad Rushdi, one of Egypt's leading playwrights, who moonlights as cultural counselor to the President. But Sadat needed no aid, and used no notes, to prod his memory. The flow was voluminous. Reports TIME's Cairo bureau chief Wilton Wynn: "Sadat loves to talk and dictating to cassettes comes easily for him." The Egyptian leader's love of language—and the intensity of his commitment for peace—rings clearly through his prose. Nor can he be accused of profiteering from his years as a head of state. All proceeds from *In Search of Identity* will go to Mit Abu el Kom, Sadat's childhood village.

Ralph P. Davidson

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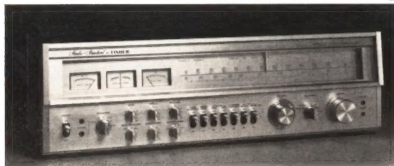
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Letters

The Greatest

To the Editors:

There will always be debate as to whether Muhammad Ali [Feb. 27] is the best boxer ever, but there can be no doubt that this boxer, poet and philosopher truly is, as he claims, "the Greatest."

Alfred Nicolosi
Pompton Lakes, N.J.

No champion had a more colorful history, and no one has ever stood taller in defeat.

Michael Clark
Kalamazoo, Mich.

He was supposed to "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee"? Against Spinks



it was more like "Bloat like a butterball, swing like a flea."

Steven J. Himmelstein
Robert Zambarnard
Ithaca, N.Y.

"The Greatest" is not gone. He lives, he floats—he just doesn't sting any more.

Stephen G. Young
New Canaan, Conn.

Haven't we all heard enough about Muhammad Ali over the years? Your cover should have displayed the toothless, thrill-of-victory grin of Leon Spinks, not the tired expression of Ali.

Mari Ivener
Skokie, Ill.

What a heart-warming sight for this World War II veteran's tired old eyes: an ex-Marine from the ghetto taking the boxing title away from the world's richest and most famous draft dodger.

Frank E. Marik
Berwyn, Ill.

Muhammad Ali was my hero, and as he thrived, so did I. His defiance of and accomplishments in white America were exceptional. He exemplified that rare

man who seems to be able to control his fate, who calls all the shots. The defeat of this champion scares and depresses me.

Steve Barrett
New York City

Stop writing Ali's epitaph: he does not belong to the ages. He projects infinite variety and has exhausted only one of his talents. Win or lose, for millions he's a champ.

Penne White
Santee, S.C.

God or Man or Both?

Congratulations on your excellent coverage of the "New Debate over Jesus' Divinity" [Feb. 27]. It is an old debate. There's nothing new about it, except the circles it is now traveling in. When it is put to rest, we will rediscover the human Jesus who was lost in abstract theological gymnastics. Jesus will then be a model for our living, which the earliest Christians meant him to be. The notion of Jesus as God is a base form of idolatry that makes religion a form of magic, rather than an attempt to address real, human concerns in the here and now.

As long as the church argues about the nature of Jesus, trying to decide whether he was God or man or both, our energies will be drained and our attention to the question of the nature of mankind will take a back seat. Hans Küng is helping the church to grow up. A blessing on his house.

(The Rev.) Frank A. Hall
Murray Universalist Church
Attleboro, Mass.

That does it. We now have more than enough proof to say with confidence that much of the liberal clergy is drifting toward a fuzzy, lukewarm, impotent theology. It drifts and sways according to the faddish thinking of the times.

Thank God the spiritual aspect of Christianity is alive and well among the Christian rank and file.

John T. O'Malley, M.D.
Towson, Md.

Early Christians, in a sense, had it easy. The "enemy" was clearly defined as anti-Christian, paganism. Today the greatest enemies of the church are those like Father Küng who claim the name "Christian" while denying the dogma that makes that claim valid.

In place of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, they offer their own—a gospel no more appealing to one searching for truth than moldy bread or rotten meat is to one looking for food.

Donna Korczyk
Pittsburgh

If Jesus is not the Christ, the Messiah, the Son of God from the beginning; if he did not die on the cross and rise again and go to heaven to prepare a place

for us; if he is just a man, then he is a fake and a fraud and Christianity doesn't have a leg to stand on.

Harmony Shupp
Eastlake, Ohio

The Roman Catholic Church desires to explore the full meaning of Christ's divinity and humanity, but she realizes that man will never fully understand, because he is confronted with a mystery.

In this age and in ages to come many things will be said about Jesus Christ, but the faithful, united with their shepherds and guided by the Spirit, will continue to believe and profess that Jesus Christ is true God and true man in one divine person, and that he is the Lord who will come again.

(The Most Rev.) Stanislaus J. Brzana
Bishop of Ogdensburg
Ogdensburg, N.Y.

The Coal Strike

In reading about the coal strike [Feb. 27], I find a country tormented and turned on its back. One of the most powerful industries is abusing the American people in a game where nobody wins, but everybody suffers.

Dave Whitiaker
Atwater, Calif.

I have derived tremendous satisfaction from the vigor and resolve of the members of the U.M.W. and their families. As the world moves inevitably toward total control by Big Business, it is heartening to know that it is still possible for workers of the U.S. to take some measure of control over their lives.

Donald T. Devey
White Plains, N.Y.

Although I have been a union member for 32 years, I have absolutely no tolerance or sympathy for those U.M.W. miners who would terrorize with bombs and guns people who do not agree with them.

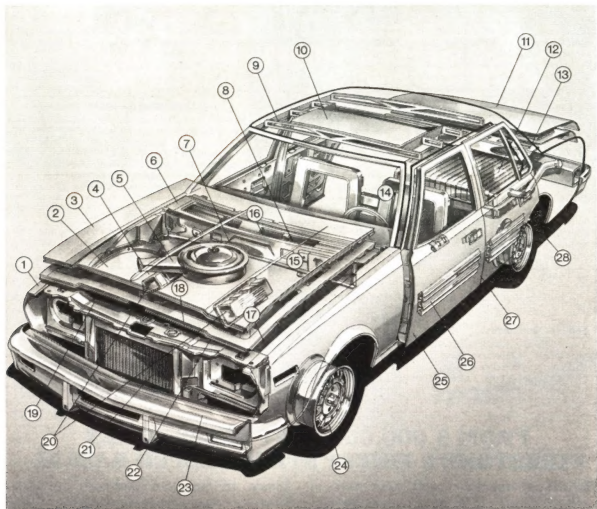
These are the tactics of a Hitler.
William Sims
Manchester, N.H.

What a crime! Striking U.M.W. members receiving food stamps at taxpayers' expense. If the strikers don't work, let them go hungry.

Jamies Price
Maxwell, Neb.

Haldeman's Book

In your story "The Case of the Purloined Pages" [Feb. 27], you state that Publisher Rupert Murdoch signed a secrecy agreement before seeing a summary of H.R. Haldeman's book, and that an unauthorized detail from the book then appeared in the New York Post and New York magazine. Not only did Mr. Murdoch never sign an agreement, as you re-



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Letters

ported; he never saw the book in any form.

New York magazine did publish three major details from Haldeman's book two weeks before any other publication, but the information was obtained completely from outside sources. Our news was carried by all major wire services crediting *New York* magazine, and subsequently the report was reprinted in newspapers across the country at the same time it appeared in the *New York Post*.

Joseph G. Armstrong, President
New York Magazine Co. Inc.
New York City

We've already had too many garbled and conflicting versions of whodunit and "hedunit" and "I ain't guilty but them other hoods are." Littering the literature may not be a criminal offense, but it's disgusting, messy and stinks. Let's put the empties in the garbage can and fasten the cover—tight.

Harvie Barnard
Tacoma, Wash.

No Longer a Communist

Your generally excellent article on new evidence in the Hiss case [Feb. 13] refers to me as "another Communist."

This statement is false. I was a Communist while in my 20s and am now in my 60s. I broke with the Communist Par-

ty over the Nazi-Soviet pact of August 1939 and have been an anti-Communist ever since.

Nathaniel Weyl
Boca Raton, Fla.

A Little Better?

High Sidey, in his highly complimentary column on the Secretary of HEW, Joe Califano [Feb. 20], tells us this man is "determined to make American life a little better than it was." I assume Mr. Sidey knows that "a little better" means a lot more socialism and that the extraordinary energy Big Brother Joe brings to the job of "tinkering with the heart, mind and body of America" stems from the pressure of knowing he has only six years left until 1984.

John F. Bye
Dade City, Fla.

Dylan and the Woodstock Era

Not having seen Bob Dylan's movie *Renaldo and Clara* yet, I have no quarrel with the review [Feb. 20]. However, I do disagree with the statements in the last paragraph. Dylan may indeed be trying "to hold on to the Woodstock ethos of the counterculture," but what is wrong with that? In my opinion, the Woodstock era was the finest hour in America his-

tory. Sure, times change, but not everyone has cut their hair and forgotten their dreams.

Matt McDonough
East Burke, Vt.

Screaming for Shaun

The only complaint I have about your story on Shaun Cassidy [Feb. 27] is: You made it seem that the only fans Shaun has are under the age of 14. Well, I scream for Shaun. I also hang posters of him up on the walls of my bedroom, but I'm not a "pre-teen" or a "just-teen." I'm 15.

Clare O'Toole
Boston

If Shaun Cassidy is a "Squeaky-Clean Teen Dream," then I will go on dreaming "squeaky-clean."

Amy Lenington
St. Albans, Vt.

Show me that Shaun Cassidy has some real talent or sex appeal and then I'll ooh and ahh like all the rest. Until then, I won't hold my breath.

Lisa Liernann
Schenectady, N.Y.

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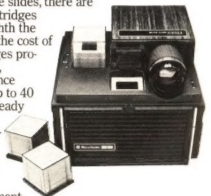
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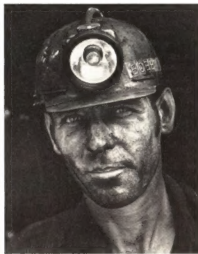
To Work—or Not to Work?

Carter invokes Taft-Hartley, but the miners vow they won't obey it

"I pray for peace and justice and victory for the miners. Their struggle has been an extraordinary one that shows the rank and file's wisdom and strength. They have resisted all industry pressures. Miners know what they want and what they need. I'm sure they won't go back until they get what they need and deserve. God bless them."

period. To enforce the law, Carter has an array of weapons, ranging from White House oratory to U.S. marshals and federal troops. But though the President said that the miners were "patriotic citizens [who] will comply with the law," hardly a miner in the hills of Appalachia or the flatlands of the Midwest would admit a willingness to bow to Taft-Hartley, which the union has defied twice before.

Although the strike has not yet caused the devastating power shortages and mass layoffs that were once feared, those dangers cannot be delayed indefinitely. It is now a contest of wills, and experience has shown that the miners' staying power is not to be underestimated. Over the weekend the pressure of events brought union and management together again for further talks and some progress was made.



Miner begrimed from work near Bishop, Va.

A defiant breed with a new self-confidence.

That earnest prayer for the 165,000 striking coal miners was offered by Monsignor Charles Rice at a labor rally in Pittsburgh last week. His words perfectly reflected the miners' own mood in this long, three-month walk-out: religious fervor, intense solidarity, a degree of self-righteousness, and a hint of violent passions as deep and often as murky as the mines themselves.

Opposing them, in a classic confrontation that marked his first major domestic crisis, stood President Jimmy Carter and the forces of authority at his command. "My responsibility," Carter declared on national television as he invoked the Taft-Hartley Act, "is to protect the health and safety of the American public ... The law will be enforced."

The Taft-Hartley Act, last used in 1971 against the International Longshoremen's Association, requires the United Mine Workers to return to work by this Monday for an 80-day cooling-off



One of the most dangerous jobs: setting a roof support in a mine in Clearfield County, Pa.

There was at least a faint light at the end of the darkened coal tunnel.

Once Carter got word that the miners had solidly voted down the contract, which he himself had endorsed just six days before, confrontation was inevitable. On Monday, Carter met with 14 congressional leaders in the Cabinet Room of the White House and told them that he wanted to invoke Taft-Hartley for a "reasonable period of time." After that, he would be willing to "look at the alternatives."

New York's Republican Senator, Jacob Javits, said he thought the President was making a mistake in not calling for both Taft-Hartley and a Government seizure of the mines. The miners had said they would return to work immediately if the Government took over, but Carter apparently regarded such a move as a capitulation, encouraging other unions to seek White House intervention.

To try to make Taft-Hartley more palatable to the union, Carter asked the coal

operators to give the miners the wage increase that is called for in the new contract—a whopping and inflationary 12.8% in the first year (and 30.7% over the three years of the contract) if they returned to work. Normally, under Taft-Hartley the strikers go back to work under the old pay rates. The operators turned the President down, though they agreed to pay the increase retroactively if a settlement was reached during the cooling-off period. The consensus among the congressional leaders was that Carter would have to move beyond Taft-Hartley to a request for seizure of the mines in ten to twelve days.

Right after his meeting, Carter proclaimed that the strike had endangered the "national health and safety." Then, as prescribed by law, he appointed a three-member board of inquiry to examine the facts of the strike and make a report. Setting a Thurs-

day deadline, he picked three attorneys with experience in labor disputes. The chairman was John N. Gentry, 47, a manpower expert who served in key positions in the U.S. Labor Department for a dozen years, and is now a partner in a Washington management consulting firm run by former Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz. He was joined by Carl A. Warrin, 62, a professor of law and collective bargaining at the University of Louisville, and by Lva Robins, 67, who has worked as a mediator in strikes in New York City.

At a six-hour meeting on Wednesday, the board heard 50 witnesses. The top brass of both the union and management spoke, but so did rank-and-file union members. The board had its eleven-page report completed by 3 a.m., well in advance of the Thursday-morning deadline. It contained no surprises; it recapitulated the events of the strike and concluded that a national emergency existed.

At 12:15 p.m. Thursday, a Justice De-



State troopers protecting a convoy of coal trucks from possible union attacks in Norton, Va.



Carter invoking Taft-Hartley against miners

Feelings of betrayal sweep the hollows

partment attorney headed for the judge's chamber in the Federal Court building on Constitution Avenue. He carried two bulky manila envelopes containing the Government's suit. To support its case, the Government included eleven affidavits from top Administration officials. Charles Schultz, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, estimated that if coal was not flowing by mid-April, unemployment in states with shortages could eventually exceed 3.5 million people. John P. White, an Assistant Secretary of Defense, deposed that electric power would be cut off in the plants of Pentagon suppliers if the walkout continued.

When U.S. District Judge Aubrey Robinson convened his court at 3:30 p.m., U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell argued the case for the Government. The only significant opposition came from Harrison Combs, the U.M.W.'s veteran general counsel. Reminding the court that

The U.M.W.: In Near Anarchy

*I've stood for the union; walked
in the line.*

Fought against the company.

I've stood for the U.M.W. of A.

Now who's gonna stand for me?

—From a Billy Edd Wheeler song

For 40 years coal miners never had to ask that question. With the autocratic John L. Lewis in command, the United Mine Workers of America stood in the vanguard of American labor. Lewis staged epic brawls with Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, and the strikes he called paralyzed the economy, but his union grew strong. The greatest Lewis victory occurred in 1947 when he got the operators to pay 10¢ on every ton of coal mined to miners' retirement funds and lifelong free medical benefits.

Today, his union's fortunes are dismal. With 194,000 active members, and 90,000 retirees to represent (peak membership: 600,000 in 1946), the U.M.W. is badly wounded. Three of the four pension and medical-benefit trust funds are broke. The union, which owns more than 75% of the National Bank of Washington (assets: \$682 million), real estate in the capital and a Western fuel company, may have to sell some of its holdings. Perhaps most troubling of all, the U.M.W. is in a state of near anarchy, having overwhelmingly rejected its leadership's call to ratify the proposed contract. Says one veteran union staffer: "We've never had a precedent of this kind. There is very grave danger."

Ironically, the genesis of today's problems came during the years before the enfeebled Lewis retired at age 79 in 1960. The union was badly shaken by mechanization—300,000 mining jobs disappeared in 15 years—by the recession in the late '50s, and by the growing use of oil. Thousands of miners began working in "dog-holes," small, nonunion mines that were underselling the large operators. The U.M.W. permitted a series of "sweetheart" contracts under which management and locals ignored sections of the national contract to keep mines in business and save jobs. But the sweethearts did not stop the growth of non-U.M.W. mines, which now account for about 50% of extracted coal; they only added to rank-and-file resentment.

Lewis also left a dubious choice as his successor: W.A. ("Tony") Boyle. Boyle continued to rule the union in Lewis' dictatorial style and further alienated the membership by largely ignoring their wishes for fringe benefits. Boyle kept dissident miners at bay by packing union conventions with his own delegates. He finally lost his hold following the 1969 union election. Dissident Leader Joseph Yablonski had waged a fierce campaign, citing Boyle as an embezzler of union pension funds. Boyle claimed victory. Yablonski charged the election was fixed and asked the Labor Department to investigate. Three weeks later Yablonski, his wife and daughter were shot and killed. Just last month Boyle's 1974 conviction for masterminding the murders was reaffirmed.

When Arnold Miller, 54, rode the wave of miners' dissent into power, he promised to democratize the union. That he did—the expired contract was the first ever to be voted on by the membership. "In the old days," says a West Virginia district leader, "a contract was sent down and the membership just went back to work. Now you have all this freedom..."

But flaws in Miller's leadership have left the union adrift. The reformers who brought him to power have either quit or been fired. Miller, says one former lieutenant, is "surrounded by yes-men who tell him how great he is."

Great he is not. Miller's lackluster leadership has led to a recall movement among the rank and file. But it is unlikely that recall will succeed. Under the union constitution, 30% of the members must sign petitions within 30 days, hardly an impossibility, but each name can be challenged by Miller, a process that could take years.

No matter what happens in the present strike, the U.M.W. faces a difficult future because of technological change. Much new coal production will come from Western strip miners, who are a different breed. Most are being organized by the Operating Engineers and other unions. They work in the open, in large machines. They'll never sing of the U.M.W. of A.



John L. Lewis talking tough in 1936

this was his third defense of the union in a Taft-Hartley proceeding. Combs pointed out that coal is still being exported, that substantial stockpiles exist and that negotiations between union and management had resumed. (Later he admitted that the talks were only preliminary. "We were just cussing each other as usual.") Combs said the union leadership would do whatever the court ordered. "But I can't speak for 20-some districts and more than 700 locals." Replied Judge Robinson: "You've put your finger right on it." After the hearing adjourned, the judge, as expected, granted the restraining order. With that, U.S. marshals started fanning out through the coal fields to serve a copy of the order, along with the Government's complaint, on each of the 1,450 defendants—including 616 coal operators and 789 U.M.W. locals.

Once the papers are served, a task expected to be completed over the weekend, Taft-Hartley will be put to the test. Like Carter, Bell stressed that he thought the miners would obey the law and added that those who did should be protected by state and local authorities. When he was asked if his expectations might be overoptimistic in view of miner defiance in the past, he replied heatedly: "I'm really not interested as Attorney General in speculating about people not abiding



Women have mine jobs in Vansanti, Va.

A bitter contest of wills.

by the law. They're patriotic people. I think it disparages the mine workers to say they might violate the law."

Yet obedience to Washington's decrees ranks low in the miners' scale of values. The U.M.W.'s redoubtable President John L. Lewis once thundered: "The public does not know that a man who works in a coal mine is not afraid of anything except his God, that he is not afraid of injunctions or politicians or threats or denunciations or verbal castigations or slander, that he does not fear death." With due allowance for rhetoric, the autocratic ruler of one of the world's unruliest unions was not exaggerating. Flouting Taft-Hartley is about on the order of brushing

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a speck of coal dust out of the eye. "We may be harassed, fined, put in jail," says Jim Nuccetelli of Cokeburg, Pa., "some of us might even die. But we'd rather die on the surface than in the mines under that contract."

Such fighting words echoed through the snow-covered hills and hollows of coal country last week. Increasingly the miners were taking aim at Carter; they had voted for him, and now they felt betrayed. In a bar by the deserted railroad tracks in West Frankfort, Ill., a group of miners listened to Carter's midweek press conference. Groans, snorts, scoffing. Said Rocky Morris, president of Local 1591: "Come 1980, Carter's going to be picking peanuts again in Georgia."

If the miners are not afraid of Presidents, they have good reason to be anxious about one another. Miners are traditionally quick to resort to violence, and last week it was in the air, in gestures, in inferences and sometimes in plain speech. "I don't know where you're from," warned Joe Phipps, president of District 19 in southeastern Kentucky and Tennessee. "But I'm from Harlan County, and if they try to enforce Taft-Hartley here, someone's gonna get hurt. And they don't play the game to hurt you just a little."

At a U.M.W. subdistrict office outside West Frankfort, miners smiled silently at the mention of violence. They know all too well where it can lead. In one of the most notorious episodes in the U.M.W.'s strife-torn history, a group of miners in nearby Herrin corralled some strikebreakers and operators during a 1922 walkout and marched them into a thicket. There, 20 men were systematically slaughtered, and some of their bodies were left on trees as a warning. The incident casts a long shadow over the mines. "I'll admit I'm intimidated," says a member of Local 6330 in Clarksville, Pa. "I want to go back to work because this damn thing has gone on too long, and I'm flat-ass broke. But I'm not about to get my head bashed in for trying. Even if we have protection at the mine, my own brothers in the local would get me sooner or later."

What is it that makes the miner a defiant breed apart, as if the whole modern labor movement, with its techniques of accommodation, has somehow passed him by? The miner's psychology is shaped by the harsh nature of his occupation. He burrows underground amid dust and grime with danger always at hand. He is proud of his stoicism under pressure. "Our tradition is just like the military," says Rocky Morris. "It's dangerous, but we accept it." Adds a former U.M.W. officer: "It's awfully hard for anybody to understand the miners' philosophy. Those guys go through hell down there."

Yet the miners also insist on greater safety. Nothing outraged them more in the two contracts they voted down than



Victims of black-lung disease waiting for breathing tests in a pulmonary lab in Beckley, W. Va.
Conditions have improved but mining is still one of the most hazardous jobs in the U.S.

the attempts to penalize them for wildcat strikes. These unauthorized walkouts are often caused by petty grievances, and they deprive the mines of some 2.5 million man-hours each year and more than 20 million tons of coal. But most of the strikes are over safety. Miners worry if emergency evacuation equipment is not on hand or if a roof is not properly reinforced or if a foreman appears to be drunk on the job. When miners bring a grievance over one of these conditions, they often feel

that management takes too hard a line and then wins in arbitration.

It is true that over the years, the mines have become much safer. In 1948 there were 999 fatalities; last year 139 miners died on the job. The frequency of non-fatal accidents has dropped from 49.3 per million man-hours in 1948 to 36.07 in 1976. But mining still remains one of the most dangerous industrial occupations in the U.S. Says Barney Beard, president of Local 9111 in Waltonville, Ill.: "When I kiss my wife goodbye every day, she doesn't know if I'm going to get back home that night." Safety is also a consideration in the miners' objections to any changes in their cherished health benefits, which have long been completely free. The operators insist that the workers pay up to \$700 a year in deductibles and agree to some other cost-cutting shifts, such as limits on payments to widows. "I don't expect to live long enough to retire," says Illinois Miner Bob Colyer. "So I want my family taken care of. If I die and my wife makes more than \$200 a month, she'll lose all medical benefits after 30 days. Now that's just not right."



Retired miner with granddaughter
Honoring generations that paid in blood.

These demands are now backed up by a more belligerent, self-confident kind of miner. The average age in the mines has dropped from 49 in 1968 to around 31 today. Many of the younger miners either fought in the Viet Nam War or protested it. They are independent, outspoken and not addicted to regular work. The new contract provides for five days of work a week for 50 weeks a year, a two-week paid vacation and ten extra days of paid holidays. A miner can work six or even seven days a week if he wants to, but he generally

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doesn't. Many miners take three-day weekends, especially during hunting and fishing season. It does not cost much to live in the hollows, and miners do not have a passion for accumulating money, except in preparation for a strike. They feel that generations of miners have purchased their rural amenities with sweat and blood.

For all their stubbornness and steadfastness, the miners have been hurt by the lengthy strike. TIME's Chicago bureau chief, Benjamin Cate, describes conditions in West Frankfort (pop. 9,400): "With most people eating at home, the Country Fried Chicken Shack and the Pancake House close early. By late afternoon, the streets are deserted and the supermarket parking lots empty. Down the side streets, the small, neat clapboard

houses are dimly lit, if at all, with porch lights extinguished. Outside of town, along the bleak and muddy roads, stand the idled mines, their gantries tall and silent. The mines are deserted, the clanking equipment is silent, the railroad cars standing empty and forlorn in the rain."

The miners are not totally on their own; there has been substantial sympathy for their cause. Last week about 150 Missouri farmers brought trucks filled with food to striking miners in Central City, Ky. In southern Illinois banks have generally waived miners' monthly payments for houses and automobiles as long as the strike lasts. Sears, Roebuck has suspended monthly payments on its revolving charge accounts, and finance companies are lending money to miners with no payments due until they go

back to work. Grocery stores and other local businesses are extending credit.

Some unions are also pitching in. The United Auto Workers contributed \$2 million to a relief fund for miners and their families, and has organized food caravans into the coal fields. The United Steelworkers donated \$1 million to retired miners who are not receiving their pension checks. A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany announced a "massive, nationwide effort" to collect food for the miners and their families.

The companies claim that they are ready to start digging coal as soon as the miners return to work. A spokesman for the Consolidation Coal Division of Continental Oil says that its nine mines in western Pennsylvania could be opened early this week with plenty of work for as many

Decision Time in Oceana

If any coal-mining town seemed ripe for violence, it was Oceana, W. Va., a scraggly strip of forlorn-looking buildings lining a potholed main street and set between two brown mountains in the Appalachian foothills. Once a brawling town that sprouted no fewer than 37 bars during a mining and railroad boom in the early 1940s, Oceana (pop. 1,580) is one of the few communities in which the miners voted to accept the latest proposed contract and go back to work. Although they are members of U.M.W. District 17, one of the union's most militant, they voted contrary to their brothers on the other side of the mountains and endorsed the contract, 409 votes to 214.

TIME Correspondent Robert Wurmstedt visited Oceana last week, expecting to find a torn community in which neighbor was set against neighbor over the strike issue. Instead, he ran into a spirit of miner camaraderie that may be typical of rank-and-file reaction throughout Appalachia. The town is divided on whether the contract was the best deal at that moment, but it is united in its detestation for Taft-Hartley and its respect for a union picket line. Oceana's miners expect to find roving pickets from other parts of the district along the road to the Eastern Associated Coal Corp. mine in nearby Kopperston—and unless police keep the pickets clear of the mine at all times, they will not work. If there is violence, the Oceana miners say, it will come from outsiders; they will not turn against each other.

Why such relative calm? For one thing, Oceana's rough reputation has always been a bit overblown. The bars are gone now, and the town's businesses consist mainly of a coal company store, a bank, two coin laundries, an AMC-Jeep dealership, Wanda's Beauty Shop, Roberts Motel and a Montgomery Ward catalogue office. "We have no bars, no parking meters and no coloreds," says Frank Laxton Jr., a used-car dealer and Oceana's mayor.

Then, too, no one in Oceana thought the contract was really a good one. The majority who voted to accept it did

so mainly on complicated tactical grounds. They feared that failure to accept could lead to the breakdown of their union, the end of nationwide bargaining and thus the loss of their hard-won retirement benefits. The local has 300 retirees, who have not received a pension check since January because the old retirement fund is broke; the contract would have set up a new fund. "We felt that a contract would give some guaranteed protection to the retirees for at least three years," said Emil Martin, president of the local. "We wanted to buy them three more years."

Oceana's miners would go back to work if the Government seized the mines, but not under Taft-Hartley. At Connie Cook's Ashland Oil station, outside town, where striking miners sip coffee around an old space heater, Wil-

liam ("Fats") Stafford, 52, expressed a prevailing view. "I love this country and I had two sons serve in Viet Nam," he said. "I abide by the laws of this country, but not Taft-Hartley. That's slave labor, and there's no penalties in it against the companies."

Possibly a fourth of the local's miners would go back to work if no pickets appeared and if they were guaranteed some protection. But they are certain that "stranger" pickets, who cannot be readily identified and thus prosecuted, will show up and

that protection cannot be provided. "Local people won't picket here," predicted Leonard Stewart, 31, who would like to go back to work. "People won't fight the people they live with." Toward the expected "strangers," however, the miners feel fear.

"I'll go to work, but if pickets are there, I'll go home," said Claude Profit, 47. Said Ken Hager: "I drive a long ways every day before daylight. How is the National Guard gonna protect a miner on these West Virginia roads?"

So even in Oceana, a relatively conservative union town, compliance with Taft-Hartley is not likely, and violence from outsiders is feared. But there is no sense of outrage or personal enmity. Said Mary Bailey, wife of a miner whose family has dipped deeply into its savings to keep food on the table: "I sure would like the men to go back to work, but you don't always get what you want in this world."



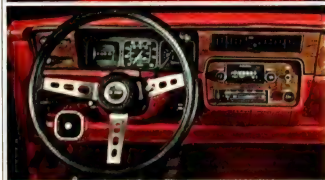
Miners discussing strike at Connie Cook's Ashland Oil station

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232 CID 6-cylinder engine	N/C
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Canadian Club

"The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



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as show up. Other big mining outfits, including U.S. Steel and Jones & Laughlin, report that they have been maintaining the mines during the strike with supervisory personnel.

Many companies, however, are wary of reopening without sufficient protection. Quin Morton III, executive secretary of the Kanawha Coal Operators Association, thinks a majority of miners would return to work if the pickets could be kept away. But he will not hire extra guards to do the job. He recalls the strikebreaking tactics of his grandfather, Quin Morton I, whose private army was once accused of machine-gunning a mining camp inhabited by sleeping wives and children. Says Morton: "History shows us that one of the biggest mistakes coal operators can make is to bring in outside guards."

That leaves the matter in the hands of state and local authorities, who are equally reluctant to do anything that would trigger violence. Virginia's Republican Governor John Dalton has been the most militant to date, merely by putting the National Guard on a stand-by basis. Pennsylvania's Milton Shapp refuses to call out the Guard on his own initiative. Illinois' Republican Governor Jim Thompson has ordered state police accompanying federal marshals not to participate in the enforcement of federal labor laws, as in the case of a peaceful pick-



Presidential board of inquiry starting hearings: Eva Robins, John Gentry, Carl Wams
Fifty witnesses testified, but there were no surprises.

et defying the Taft-Hartley injunction.

When West Virginia Governor Jay Rockefeller entered the state capital one morning last week, he was besieged by a group of miners who had come to demonstrate. "What about the National Guard, Governor?" one of them shouted. Rockefeller, whose grandfather ran a mine where the National Guard killed 40

strikers in 1914, yelled back over the din: "I have nothing to say about that. There isn't going to be a problem, is there?"

Economists' estimates and politicians' warnings of the potential damage of the strike have varied dramatically in recent weeks. One reason is that threatened utilities in eleven states have proved to be skilled improvisers. About 15% of the East-Central region's electrical power is now being "wheeled in," that is, imported from other grids that have plenty of coal or rely on other fuels. But the borrowing has now reached a maximum. Some grids are showing signs of strain from switching their transmission and generation patterns, and a massive blackout is always possible.

Coal reserves in the region have dwindled from 82.6 million tons at the beginning of the strike to 43.3 million tons today. Nevertheless, an impressive 39% of the utilities' need is being supplied by non-U.M.W. mines, mostly in the West.

Because of these additional supplies, power cutbacks have been kept to a minimum, at least to date. Maryland has ordered a 20% reduction in power for commercial customers and a 30% reduction for industries served by Potomac Edison in the western part of the state. Indiana has required curtailments of 15% for residential use, 25% for commerce and industry, 40% for education, sports and recreation, and 100% for outdoor advertising and decoration. Pennsylvania's Duquesne Light Co., which supplies power to the Pittsburgh area, has cut back 25% for large industrial users, and West Penn Power enforced a reduction of 10% for commercial and industrial customers. None of these cutbacks have seriously interfered with production, but layoffs have begun to mount. The picture could turn bleaker quickly.

After the breakdown in negotiations and the rebellion in the coal fields, what

How Taft-Hartley Works

During World War II, most of the country's unions agreed to an unofficial ban on strikes, but after V-J day a series of walkouts shook the coal, steel and railroad industries. Antilabor feeling helped elect a Republican Congress. In 1947 Ohio Senator Robert A. Taft and New Jersey Representative Fred A. Hartley Jr., both conservative Republicans, sponsored bills to amend drastically the Wagner Act of 1935, at that time the basic federal labor-relations law. While the Wagner Act had enumerated unfair labor practices by employers, the new bills were intended to do the same for the unions.

The law forbade a number of then common union actions: interunion jurisdictional strikes, and strikes to enforce featherbedding, secondary boycotts and the closed shop. Its key section provides a system to stop strikes that could "imperil the national health and safety." If a President believes a strike poses such a threat, he can appoint a board to investigate the dispute. After he receives the board's report, the Government can seek an injunction from a federal judge forbidding the continuation or start of a strike for 80 days.

During the first 60 days of the cooling-off period, federal mediators attempt to get the two sides to agree to a pact. In the next 15 days, the National Labor Relations Board must hold a secret ballot of the strikers on management's final offer. If the offer is rejected, the Government must ask the court for a dissolution of the injunction, and the President must report to Congress on the dispute. After the injunction is lifted, the union is free to resume its strike.

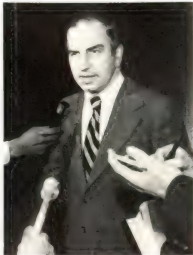
In practice Taft-Hartley has been neither as unworkable nor unfair as its opponents feared. Before last week's action, it had been invoked 34 times, and in all but five instances injunctions were issued. In five cases, the injunction prevented strikes, 14 disputes were settled during the cooling-off period, four disputes continued past the 80 days but without further work stoppages, and nine times strikes continued after the cooling-off period before a settlement was reached. According to Labor Department officials, only the United Mine Workers have ever defied Taft-Hartley injunctions. In 1948 a federal judge fined Union Chief John L. Lewis \$20,000 and the union \$1.4 million.

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then, are the possibilities of a fair settlement? Labor experts feel that the second contract that the miners rejected was basically a good one. Certainly the pay increase—a three-year, 37% hike in wages and benefits—was well above a reasonable guideline for noninflationary settlements. Indeed, it is justifiable, if at all, only because of the special burdens and hazards of mining.

Determined to crack down on wildcat strikes, the companies offered a generous wage boost. They figured the contract would cost them \$35,000 per miner in the third year, but they considered that a bargain if it would end the wildcatting. The miners were just as determined to maintain the right to strike when they please because of their dissatisfaction with the grievance procedure. For the first two months of talks, progress was almost too slow to be measured. Neither side budged and both expected a strike.

There were other issues that involved emotions as much as money. The health-insurance deductibles, in particular, amount to only about 20¢ per man-hour, but the miners who have had free benefits for a generation regard the change as an intolerable loss of their hard-won gains. The companies may find it sensible to give way. On the other hand, the equalizing of pensions, nearly doubling the payments to retired oldtimers (\$525 a month instead of \$275) would cost the companies about \$2.5 billion, far more than they can afford. Whether a fair settlement is what the final outcome will be, nobody can tell. At this point, it is still a test of strength between two antagonists who are deeply divided among themselves and deeply suspicious of each other.



Coal operators' Brennan briefing press

Hanging together or surviving separately?

From the outset, members of the Bituminous Coal Operators' Association, under the presidency of Joseph Brennan, differed on the approach to take toward the union. The companies producing metallurgical coal were under no great pressure to reach an agreement since steel manufacturers' sales are down. Some Midwestern operators do not suffer much from wildcat strikes and so were not overly concerned about controlling them. U.S. Steel insisted on changing the contract provision requiring the operators to contribute to the U.M.W. health fund on the basis of tonnage mined. Other owners correctly warned that the miners would not tolerate any tampering with their cherished health benefits.

While Carter may be praised for his desire to let collective bargaining proceed on its own as long as possible, it also seems the White House did not pay enough attention to the impending dangers and did not sufficiently plan ahead. Says a top labor mediator, "Skillful people could have seen this coming a mile away. It just had to be handled better."

Rather than hang together, the operators may now try to survive separately. There were reports that Peabody Coal, the biggest member of B.C.O.A., Amex Coal Co. and Island Creek Coal Co. might break away from the other operators and negotiate individual contracts with the U.M.W. That could set a precedent for regional settlements, and the 2,500 smaller coal companies would fall into line. But this sort of balkanization could take the power of decision away from both the U.M.W. and the B.C.O.A. and lead to a kind of splintering that neither would find tolerable. The threat of such a development helped bring the two sides back to the bargaining table and gave the talks a greater degree of urgency.

Any new contract depends on countering the distrust that has flared like coal gas among the miners. The Labor Department and the Mediation and Conciliation Service are engaged in delicate diplomacy with various U.M.W. factions to get them to take the lead in working out a settlement. But they are dealing with an independent, rebellious union that may see its individualism as its greatest strength. At a time when most labor disputes are fairly quickly accommodated and resolved, the coal strike is a stark reminder of the amount of damage that one embattled union, toughened by tradition and fired by indignation, can inflict on modern society.

A Blow to Carter's Energy Policy

When President Carter put his comprehensive energy program before Congress last year, he envisioned a major shift from scarce natural gas and uncertain foreign oil to plentiful domestic coal. Coal use was to nearly double by 1985, to 1.2 billion tons a year. The Administration urged tax incentives for the conversion of industrial plants to coal, and it required that coal be used in many new factories and utilities.

Even before the strike, Carter's plan confronted some serious obstacles, notably the enforcement of clean-air standards. To that problem must now be added the question of reliable supplies and stable prices for the coal that the Carter policy recommends. During the strike so far, with overall coal production cut by about half, affected utilities have kept operating partly by burning

an extra 400,000 bbl. per day of oil.

No matter how the strike is eventually resolved, it will make coal more expensive. The settlement that the miners rejected two weeks ago would have added \$3.17 a ton to coal's price (currently around \$21). According to the Manhattan-based Edison Electric Institute, that would translate into a 15% increase in utility fuel costs, and a 5% increase in the average consumer's electricity bill.

There is already evidence that the conversion to alternatives to oil is being delayed. In the first nine months of 1977, U.S. utilities canceled or delayed construction of 26 major coal-fired plants, as well as 36 nuclear-powered ones. With the added impact of the coal strike, the future of Carter's coal-based energy policy looks, well, dark.





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Civiletti: A G.O.P. Hostage

While the Democrats burn, the Republicans fiddle

At a hearing of the Senate Judiciary Committee last week, Republican Malcolm Wallop was droning on with a seemingly endless series of questions, trying to force acting Deputy Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti into saying something that would embarrass the Carter Administration. Suddenly, Committee Chairman James Eastland took a large cigar out of his mouth, leaned forward in his chair, and interrupted. "What have you got to do with this?" he asked the witness. "Nothing," replied Civiletti.

Undeterred, Wallop, 45, a first-term Senator and a rancher, plunged on with another string of questions. Once more Eastland, 73, took a firm hold on his cigar and asked: "What did you have to do with that?" Again came the witness's reply: "Nothing."

So it has gone for three tedious weeks in Room 2228 of the New Senate Office Building. The committee is ostensibly holding hearings on whether the Senate should confirm Jimmy Carter's promotion of Civiletti, 42, to be the Justice Department's second-ranking official. No one on the committee has raised serious doubts about his fitness for the job. But the G.O.P. members have been holding the nomination hostage while they take political pot shots at the Administration. "We're all political animals," admits Nevada Republican Paul Laxalt.

Each working day Civiletti arrives at the hearing room carrying two jammed briefcases. Sometimes he waits as long as two hours for the Senators to show up and the quizzing to begin. The gray-haired, buttoned-down attorney has answered questions for as long as four hours at a sitting.

The critics' principal target has been the Administration's inept firing of Philadelphia's Republican U.S. Attorney, David W. Marston, who had been digging into political corruption in

Pennsylvania. But Civiletti, a former Baltimore attorney who has headed the Justice Department's criminal division for a year, has quite persuasively, and usually patiently, explained again and again that he had nothing to do with Marston's dismissal. In fact, when the Marston controversy became a national political issue, Civiletti was in South Korea interviewing Rice Broker Tongson Park about the Korean influence-buying scandal.

Yet Wallop has persisted with hundreds of questions. How, he asks, could



Civiletti waiting for the Senators

"What did you have to do with that?"

Civiletti not have been aware of the details of Marston's investigations, particularly the fact that the targets included two Pennsylvania Congressmen, Joshua Eilberg and Daniel Flood? Civiletti said he had never even heard of Flood until recently. Wallop was incredulous. "Senator, I have no idea who three-fourths of the Congressmen are," said Civiletti wryly.

After one particularly long Wallop monologue, this absurd exchange took place:

Civiletti: Do you have a question?

Wallop: Yes. I have a question.

Civiletti: What is the question?

Wallop: Would the official reporter read back the question?

The committee's stenographer read aloud Wallop's entire monologue. It contained no question.

Last week Wallop did achieve a victory, although it had nothing to do with Civiletti. The Senator showed that the Justice Department had deleted a Philadelphia FBI agent's praise of Marston from affidavits that the department made public after concluding its own investigation. According to an original draft of the affidavit obtained by Wallop, FBI Special Agent Neil Welch told a Civiletti assistant that "Philadelphia was a 'cesspool' of political corruption" and that "Marston was doing an excellent job." Justice Department Aide Phil Jordan has admitted deleting the conversation on the flimsy grounds that Welch did not want publicly to call Philadelphia a "cesspool" or get the FBI involved in a political squabble.

The end of the hearings is not in sight. Meanwhile, Marston has announced his own future: he will run for the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania.

Bugging the FBI

A waterfront probe with a leak

There have been federal investigations of corruption on the waterfront for almost as long as there have been an FBI and an International Longshoremen's Association. But the latest two-year probe into racketeering at East Coast and Gulf ports has a new wrinkle: some targets of the investigation have been keeping abreast of the agents' findings by reading their secret progress reports to the Justice Department.

The source of the leak is not known, but TIME has learned that the problem began more than a year ago when the FBI, with federal court approval, placed a bug in a New York City office used by Anthony M. Scotto, president of the Brooklyn longshoremen's local and one of the more unusual figures on the waterfront. A graduate of Brooklyn College, he was named by the Justice Department in 1969 as an alleged captain in the Gambino crime family. Nonetheless, he has remained respectable enough to lecture on labor at Harvard and attend a White House conference in the Johnson era.

Agents eavesdropping on Scotto kept their reels of tape recordings and transcripts in supposedly safe FBI and U.S. Attorneys' offices in New York. From time to time, the FBI sent memos to the Justice Department on what the bugs were picking up. One day agents were startled to overhear someone in Scotto's office discussing the FBI memos. They later learned that Scotto's men wrongly believed the information came from a doublecrosser who had been wired for sound by the FBI.

The FBI does not know how the information was passed on to Mafia leaders. But as a result of the leak, one of the largest Mafia gatherings since the celebrated Apalachin, N.Y., meeting in 1957 took place on Feb. 18 and 19 in Miami. Assembling on the beach near the Fontainebleau Hotel and in a closed restaurant, at least a score of top Mafia bosses discussed gang affairs, including ways to blunt the FBI probe. In addition to Scotto, the investigation is chiefly aimed at two other powerful L.A. officials, George Barone and William Boyle, both of Miami.

Among the Fed's other sources of information is a Florida shipper who tried to recruit an undercover FBI agent to assassinate a competitor. Holding a homicide charge over the shipper's head, the Feds forced him to divulge details about huge bribes, totaling upward of \$5 million a year, paid by shipping companies to union officials to buy labor peace. The FBI also infiltrated waterfront racketeers in New York at such a level that one undercover man became a courier for payoffs from shipping companies to the union. Justice Department lawyers expect to obtain indictments against both union officials and shippers starting next month.



James Eastland

Nation

The Bloody Fall of a Hustler

Sniper strikes down porn's Larry Flynt

Larry Flynt, the owner of *Hustler* magazine, was the last defense witness at yet another of his trials for distributing pornography. "Hustler is a satire," he explained on the witness stand last week. "It is one big put-on."

"You did superbly," one of his lawyers told him when the state court in the Atlanta suburb of Lawrenceville (pop. 5,200) adjourned for lunch.

The 35-year-old publisher then joined another of his lawyers, Gene Reeves Jr., 47, in walking three blocks down Perry Street to the V and J Cafeteria. They were strolling back to the courthouse at 11:55 a.m. when there were two bursts of gunfire. Flynt toppled forward, face first, onto a concrete driveway, bullet holes in his abdomen. Reeves, struck in his arm and chest, staggered a few feet and collapsed on the sidewalk the way later reported to be in satisfactory condition.

Despite early reports of two attackers speeding away in a car, nobody actually saw any gunmen. In fact, the only clue the police discovered was a spent .44 magnum cartridge. Investigators thought the shots might have been fired from an abandoned hotel across the street. A rear door of the hotel gives access to a parking lot, an easy escape route for a gunman.

At Button Gwinnett Hospital, Flynt lay in critical condition. Surgeons began by removing much of his intestine. Then, in a second operation, they removed his spleen. After transferring him to Emory University Hospital in Atlanta, doctors finally removed the bullet lodged near his

spinal cord. It had cut spinal nerves, leaving him paralyzed from the waist down. Doctors gave him less than a fifty-fifty chance of regaining full use of his legs. President Carter's sister, Ruth Stapleton, who had presided over Flynt's celebrated conversion last fall, flew in to Atlanta and called him "one of my good Christian friends." Sometime Comedian Dick Gregory visited, and so did Kennedy Assassination Theorist Mark Lane. Fellow Pornographer Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw* magazine, arrived in a chauffeured black limousine and a bullet-proof vest. Said he: "Maybe it was somebody down here who thought Larry was making fun of them."

The police had no explanations. Flynt occasionally received death threats—most recently at a rally in Cincinnati last year to protest his pornography conviction there. But he had lately been so confident of his safety that he was traveling without a bodyguard, though he had been advertising for one in newspapers. Local opinion was that although Flynt had no personal enemies, many people hated him for his opinions and his ram-bunctious life. Said Lawrenceville Mayor Rhodes Jordan, 60: "Somebody was sending Flynt a message, that they don't want his type of life around."

Ever since Flynt came out of the Kentucky mountains to escape the pov-

erty of his sharecropper family, he has led an aggressive life. He quit school in the eighth grade, entered the Army at 14, worked nights at a General Motors assembly plant, whizzed through two marriages, two divorces and a bankruptcy by age 21 and finally opened *"Hustler"* go-go bars around Ohio. He started *Hustler*, the most vulgar of the leading sex magazines, as a newsletter for his bars, and pushed it in four years to a circulation of almost 2 million, with a profit last year of some \$13 million. In recent months he branched out into newspaper publishing, buying the Los Angeles *Free Press*, the Atlanta *Gazette* and the Plains *Monitor* in Carter's home town.

Among his hobbies, Flynt acquired a fascination for the Kennedy killing. He bought full-page newspaper ads offering \$1 million for information leading to the arrest of Ken-

edy's murderers. In the underground Los Angeles *Free Press*, he published a report last month charging that a CIA-FBI conspiracy was behind the assassination. After last week's attempt on his life, Flynt's wife Althea, 24, publicly accused the CIA of shooting Flynt because he was about to publish the names of J.F.K.'s assassins in a *Free Press* special edition. From his hospital bed, Flynt himself made the absurd charge that the shooting was an attempt to stop his assassination inquiry.

At week's end, police had no solution. Meanwhile, the judge declared a mistrial on the original obscenity charges, and authorities were considering dropping them altogether.



Porn Publisher Larry Flynt being rushed into hospital

Ruth Carter Stapleton

Death threats, a .44 cartridge, and absurd charges of a J.F.K. assassination cover-up

No Blackwash

A hard decision in Atlanta

When Atlanta's first black mayor, Maynard Jackson, appointed his Morehouse College roommate, A. Reginald Eaves, as the city's first black public safety commissioner in 1974, white critics were quick to charge cronyism. Eaves, a lawyer, didn't make matters easier by hiring a drug addict as his secretary, ordering an \$800 love seat for his office and a luxury car for his travels around the city. But Eaves also proved a highly effective and popular official, cutting violent personal crimes by 10% and drastically curbing cases of police brutality.

Then came scandal: two special investigators charged (and Eaves denied) that he "expressly authorized" permission for favored policemen, mainly blacks, to get advance looks at exams for promotions. Mayor Jackson promised "no whitewash, and no blackwash either." Last week he reached his verdict: his old friend had to go.

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Nation

Rocky Mountain High

Music, applause as Denver's Performing Arts Center opens

As most Americans for a quick word association with Denver and back is likely to come the Broncos, the "Mile High City," Coors beer. Cultural attractions do not readily come to mind. In the theater world Denver is known as a "split-week town." That is no designation for any self-respecting metropolis; it means that road-show companies calculate that they cannot get seven days out of the box office. The city can be somewhat prouder of its symphony orchestra. It has survived and grown modestly over 44 years, but has never made the big time, partly because it has been performing in a hall whose acoustics make anything, even Mozart, sound like a band concert.

But stay tuned, folks. With one bold

stroke, Denver is bidding to put itself on the performing-arts map. When the multimillion-dollar Denver Center for the Performing Arts is complete, it will include the 2,700-seat concert hall just finished, a building containing three theaters and a cinema, and a huge parking garage, all of them adjacent to the existing auditorium and sports arena.

For the late '70s, this plan is nearly Napoleonic in scope, and it does not lack for skeptics. The massive culture enclaves of the past two decades, symbolized by Manhattan's Lincoln Center, are causing financial trouble for the arts organizations they house. Denver may also learn about the perils of overbuilding. But last week there was no time for such pessimism. The

first new structure of the center, the Boettcher Concert Hall, opened to raves from the public and from music and architecture critics. The three days of programs became the kind of celebration that happens when a city decides to do something worthwhile but risky, something that it maybe could get by without, and then makes it come alive as a new source of community pride.

For Donald Seawell, 65, chairman of the center and also president and chairman of the *Denver Post*, the opening was the first payoff on a huge investment—if not a gamble. Says Seawell, "The Rocky Mountain states have always been have-nots as far as culture is concerned. Our planners say that Denver itself will double its population, to more than 3 million, in 20 years. They also say that if we tried to build this complex 20 years from now, the cost would be about \$1 billion. It will take time, but we are looking for excellence in everything."

Center planners, directed by Architects Kevin Roche and John Dinkelo, have obviously made a hard assessment of existing cultural complexes and learned from what has been done elsewhere. There will not be any "Mussolini Modern" jokes about Denver. No extra dollars have been spent on grandiose exteriors. "Poor old Lincoln Center," says Roche. "Many arts organizations cannot afford the operating costs of large, monumental buildings."

If Denver's venture does run into trouble, the gags will probably be about crystal palaces. Though the buildings are nonsense functional, the place will still be a local monument because of its lofty "Galleria." This 76-ft-high arched glass roof, only one section of which is up, was inspired by the ethereal vaulting in Milan's Galleria. Denver's will unify the complex, shelter the promenades and impart its own blend of airiness and intimacy to the neighborhood.

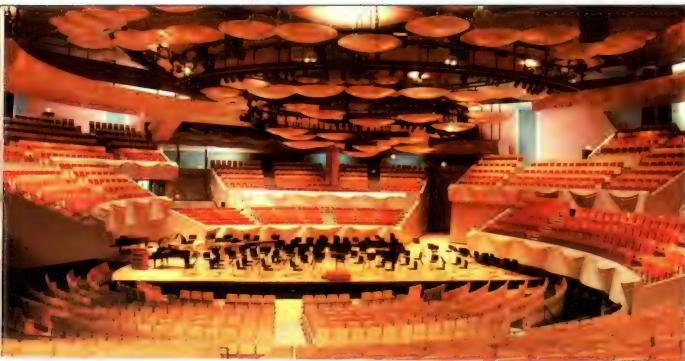
Boettcher Hall is typical of the Denver spirit. Part of the exterior walls is also glass, but there is nothing lyrical about them. They reveal a lobby that flaunts not marble or chrome but the building's functional and mechanical workings. On opening night, concertgoers could be heard arranging "to meet up at the duct" at intermission. A few thought they had come in the wrong way and wandered backstage.

Once beyond the pipes and valves, a wholly new experience awaits U.S. audiences. Boettcher is the first "surround" music hall in the country, with 360 seating around the orchestra. There are a few such auditoriums elsewhere—in Mexico City and Berlin—but orthodox acousticians still believe that the best sound is heard in long, narrow rectangular spaces. In Boettcher, there are "terraces" at several levels from which the audience can watch the players from different angles and much more intimately: no seat is far-



View of the mall and Galleria from Boettcher Concert Hall at its opening

"Adventure and openness, and a feeling of not having seen it all."



The country's first surround hall is a circular marvel with terraced seating under reflector discs

ther than 85 ft. from the stage and most are within 65 ft.

The acoustics are very good, and that is a triumph as well as a vindication for Acoustician Christopher Jaffe, 50. The problem with a circular design is that sound diffuses quickly, bounces around, losing clarity and focus. Jaffe, with the Boettcher architects, Hardy, Holzman, Pfeiffer Associates, has managed to create a lush, integral sound by using such devices as 106 acrylic "reflector" discs suspended from the ceiling and a huge vault below the stage. There are some minor, doubtless correctable difficulties. The bass is not quite rich enough. When Van Cliburn sat down on opening night to slam his way through his trademark concerto, Tchaikovsky's first, he was drowned out in one area of the hall whenever the orchestra joined in: his notes were blocked by the raised top of the Steinway. Not even Jaffe thought of everything.

The next day there were no slips. The world premiere of John Green's *Mine Eyes Have Seen*, a huge, jazzy work that might better be called *Mine Ears Have Heard*, had both thunder and clarity. It got a standing ovation. Said Jaffe with some understatement, "That was a great big body of sound."

The musicians love the Boettcher. The orchestra is understuffed (83 members, compared with Boston's 105), and they play ploddingly. But as French Horn Player John Zirbel notes, "we will improve almost at once because for the first time we can hear ourselves play. That means better attack and intonation."

There are other problems. The orchestra is about to lose its permanent conductor. Brian Priestman is leaving this year, and there is no replacement

in sight. More seriously, the symphony has been through a bitter lockout in which the issue was a big cutback in the number of weeks per season (and therefore in pay).

To some Denverites that is more than an untimely irony. Financing for the center is, inevitably, complicated. It depends on city bond issues, private funds, including grants from the Boettcher Foundation and especially from two foundations endowed by the Bonfils family, who got rich in publishing. Seawell, ever a pivotal Denver figure, is president of both. Many people, including City Councilwoman Cathy Donahue, are afraid that eventually Den-

ver will be left with much of the bill. "It's simply too expensive," Mayor William McNichols admits that there is strain: "We've had sessions that would match whatever Muhammad Ali did at his best—hard and vicious." But he adds, "if it weren't for Bonfils and Seawell, we would still be arguing about the merits of the center."

S seawell insists there will be sufficient money. Heaven knows he is no mad builder like Ludwig II of Bavaria. The center's theater building, now under construction, will almost comply with Moliere's notion that all drama needs is a platform and a passion or two. It will house three theaters, none with a conventional proscenium. Seawell called in Gordon Davidson of Los Angeles' Mark Taper Forum as consultant. He has come up with a plan to ally his own successful theater with Denver's troupe to be: "Time is the hardest thing to buy," says Davidson, 44, whose theater won a Tony Award last year. "While its own resident company is evolving, Denver can borrow scripts, artists and staff from us." The theaters, which are scheduled to open next year, will not always be full during the first years. Says Davidson: "It takes time, too, to enlarge and train audience support."

He is almost wistful at the opportunities in Colorado. "There is some naïveté in Denver," he says. "But there is adventure and openness, and a feeling of not having seen it all, a sense of hunger. It is true that art is international and timeless. But theater also has to do with roots, with expressing the specific character of a place and the common life that is shared. I think Denver might just do it."



Inside the no-nonsense lobby

Meeting at the duct at intermission.

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Firemen hose down the fire-gutted bus that was hijacked by terrorists and finally halted on the outskirts of Tel Aviv

World

MIDDLE EAST

A Sabbath of Terror

Palestinian death squad lands in Israel with a savage message

Their orders were to kill until they themselves were killed. And thus last week a Palestinian suicide mission left a grisly trail of carnage along Israel's main coastal highway from Haifa to Tel Aviv. Slipping ashore from the Mediterranean on the afternoon of the Sabbath, the terrorists hijacked two buses filled with tourists and sightseers, took them on a wild ride down the road toward Tel Aviv, shooting along the way at everyone in sight, and finally destroyed one bus in an orgy of fire and death. Official statistics put the dead at 37 (all but a few of them civilians, among them at least 10 children) and 76 wounded—a toll that exceeded the 1972 Munich massacre (11 dead) and the slaughter at a Ma'alot school in 1974 (26). It was the worst terrorist attack in Israel's history.

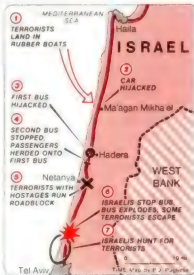
The Sabbath massacre came on the eve of Israeli Premier Menachem Begin's scheduled departure for Washington, where he was to confer with President Carter this week on the derailed Middle East peace talks. Begin immediately went into a huddle with members of his Cabinet, then announced that he would postpone his visit to Washington for at least a week. Deeply shocked by the massacre

in the midst of renewed efforts toward a Middle East peace settlement, the world waited anxiously for Israel's reaction, which in the past has been to retaliate for terrorism on its soil with severe blows

against the Palestinians. Begin finished a grim TV and radio report to the Israeli nation by vowing, "We shall not forget."

The timing of the attack left no doubt about the terrorists' purpose: to sabotage any attempt by Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat to move toward a peace that would ignore or bypass Palestinian interests. In fact, the attack will make any peace at all more difficult. Certainly, it will reinforce Israel's resistance to any kind of Palestinian state on its borders, make the Israelis distrust all Arabs more than ever, and stiffen Begin's stance toward making further Israeli concessions in any peace talks. The attack seemed to be the opening salvo of a new policy by Palestinian leaders, launched in Tripoli last December at the Arab states' rejectionist summit, to carry to Israel's soil the war against Sadat's peace initiative. Sure enough, shortly after Saturday's bloodbath, Al-Fatah, the commando group within Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization, claimed responsibility for the operation from its headquarters in Beirut.

The commandos were carefully chosen and highly trained for their suicidal mission. The plan called for them to seize





Artist's conception of Palestinian guerrillas making their Sabbath landing from rubber boats on an Israeli beach south of Haifa

a bus and use it as a shooting platform to aim at anybody, civilian or military, who happened to come along the highway. Their only purpose was to kill as many Israelis as possible. If they could carry it off, they were to take the bus into the very center of Tel Aviv and continue the carnage until they were wiped out.

The death squad, consisting of 11 terrorists, two of them women, is believed to have been launched from a ship offshore, from which they put out in two Zodiac commando boats, loaded down with Kalashnikov rifles, RPG light montars and high explosives. In late afternoon they beached near a kibbutz called Ma'agan Mikha'el, then walked less than a mile up to the four-lane highway. After opening fire at passing traffic, they hijacked a white Mercedes taxi, killing its occupants. Setting off down the highway toward Tel Aviv, they met a bus on its way to Haifa. They fired at the bus, wounding its driver and some passengers and forcing it to a stop. One of the passengers on the bus was Avraham Shamir, 42, who was returning to his home in Haifa from a visit to the stalactite caves near Jerusalem. After first ordering everyone off the bus, said Shamir, the terrorists "ordered us all back on, turned the bus around by crossing the traffic island dividing the highway, and headed southward, yelling 'To Tel Aviv, to Tel Aviv!'"

The pattern of random terror continued for nearly 30 miles. Witnesses said the gunmen fired machine guns and threw grenades at passing cars from the hijacked bus. Some passengers inside the bus were fired on, and at least one body was dumped along the way. An American youth who was driving from Tel Aviv to Haifa with his family reported seeing "a

car standing on the other side of the highway and a body lying near by. Moments later," he said, "I saw a bus zigzagging toward our side of the highway. When we came close it stopped. Somebody came down from the front door of the bus with a submachine gun and shot at us. All the windows were smashed and the glass fell on us. My father shouted, 'Look at my arm!' I pushed him aside and took the wheel. He had a huge hole in his chest. My brother, who had been sleeping in the back seat, was in terrible condition. When we reached the hospital, I asked the doctor if my father and brother had a chance. He said, 'Sorry, son. Both are dead.'"

Further down the highway, the commandeered bus met another bus, also heading toward Haifa. The terrorists stopped this bus too, and forced its passengers to crowd onto the first one. The hostages now numbered 71, and the police were on the trail. The bus approached one hastily erected checkpoint and careened right through it. Then, just outside Tel Aviv, police set up a roadblock, seeded the highway with nails, and positioned themselves alongside. There the wild trail of terror finally came to an end. By that time, reported TIME Correspondent David Halevy, who was the only reporter on the scene, "the highway looked like a slaughterhouse. It was worse than anything I saw at the school shot up by terrorists in Ma'alot."

There had not been time to order in Israel's crack antiterrorist squads. So the task of stopping the terrorists fell to some 30 traffic cops, armed only with 38 revolvers and UZI submachine guns. When the bus finally skidded into a ditch with all its tires flat, the police rushed it. Said Arza Tazor, 24, a passenger: "I remember police breaking the windows of the

bus and telling us to jump. I jumped."

Passenger Shamir said he took the pistol of one of the terrorists lying near him, apparently wounded, and shot two others who were firing from the front of the bus at the police outside. "Meanwhile," he said, "another terrorist behind me fired at me and my daughter. The terrorists near me took out four hand grenades and dropped them in the bus. I shouted: 'Escape! Escape!' The bus was in flames. My daughter was hit again. Outside, there was a terrorist who was firing at everybody who was escaping from the bus. A few managed to escape. Some were caught in the fire." Later, 25 charred bodies were found in the bus.

TIME's Halevy managed to get past the Israeli guards and observe the shooting and explosions at first hand. Reports he: "I finally got close enough to the bus to see at least five bodies burning inside. The rear windows were blasted out and the barrel of a machine-gun was poking out. A child aged seven or eight was lying on the asphalt, a bullet hole in its head. Three women in a nearby ditch screamed for help. I helped them limp to waiting ambulances. A young couple emerged from the ditch screaming. 'We had two children in the bus.' The woman was hysterical. 'Where are my children, my children?' she cried. The husband was steely calm. 'If my children are dead,' he said with eerie softness, 'I'll kill all the Arabs in the world.'"

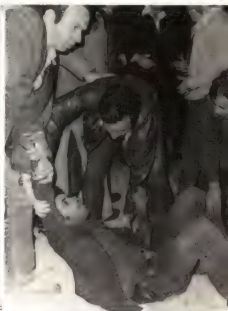
Six terrorists and one Israeli policeman died in the action. Coincidentally, Shaul Weizman, 26, the son of Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, who was later called home from a visit to Washington because of the attack, happened to be walking along the beach with an army colonel in the area of the gun battle. Weizman and the colonel grabbed their weap-

ons (it is not unusual for Israelis to carry weapons) and helped capture two of the terrorists. By that time, heavily armed Israeli troops had moved into the region in force. Police clamped a curfew on northern Tel Aviv and launched an intensive man hunt for three commandos who were still missing.

News of the attack broke in Israel just as Deputy Chief of the U.S. Mission Richard Viets delivered Anwar Sadat's reply to Premier Begin's last letter. Begin made no immediate comment about Israeli response to the terrorist attack. But at a press conference in New York before taking off for Israel, Defense Minister Weizman admitted that retaliatory air strikes in southern Lebanon were "a possibility." That, of course, has been the pattern in the past, and Israel might well seize on the provocation as an excuse to put into action a plan to knock out encampments of the 5,000 Palestinians dug in near the border area.

In Washington, Administration officials seemed resigned to the fact that Israel would retaliate. Still, said one, "the hope is that they won't do it in an indiscriminate way that will result in a lot of Lebanese civilian deaths. The thing we don't want is to have the emotional level raised to such a point that it will affect the already delicate negotiations that are going on." But President Carter sent Begin a message saying he was still looking forward to their meeting. "Criminal acts such as this," said the President in a statement, "advance no cause or political belief. They inspire only revulsion at the lack of respect for innocent human life." ■

Clockwise from top: bus victim is carried to ambulance; troopers evacuate wounded terrorist; soldiers flown in by helicopter launch man hunt; woman terrorist is given first aid



World



Israeli Defense Minister Weizman and U.S. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown at the Pentagon

Danger Signals All Around

A Besieged Carter awaits Begin's postponed U.S. visit

The terrorist slaughter in Israel is bound to have a psychological impact on the talks between Jimmy Carter and Menachem Begin when the Israeli Premier finally makes his postponed trip to Washington, his third visit to the U.S. On the day after the slaughter, for example, Begin made it clear that his attitude toward the return of the occupied West Bank of the Jordan River had, if possible, hardened even further. A Palestinian state there, he declared, "would be a mortal danger to our people and to our country." Moreover, the question arose of just what effect the Sabbath massacre would have on world and U.S. attitudes toward Israel's bargaining stance.

For all its horror, the massacre was just one reminder of the intractable realities facing the Carter Administration in its efforts to keep the Middle East peace momentum alive. Even before it occurred, the capital fairly reverberated last week with danger signals from several interested parties.

One of those, obviously, was Jimmy Carter himself. Though Begin was coming at his invitation, the President made clear in advance that their meeting would be all business. At his midweek press conference, Carter spoke bluntly of the new interpretation that Begin has been giving U.N. Resolution 242, which calls for Israeli withdrawal from the occupied Arab territories. Any attempt to sidestep the resolution, he said, would be "a very serious blow to the prospects of peace."

For his part, the President got some forceful reminders of the fight that he is facing over his proposal to link a sale of warplanes to Israel with similar sales to Egypt and Saudi Arabia—a plan that disturbs U.S. Jewish groups. Their main concern is the 60 advanced F-15 fighter-

bombers intended for the Saudis. In hopes of getting both the Saudi and the Egyptian sales past Congress, the White House has included them in a package deal with the planes for Israel. But last week, as Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman was in Washington for talks on a big new Israeli arms request, the President received a letter signed by 21 of the 37 members of the House International Relations Committee. It urged him to reconsider his determination to keep the plane package all wrapped together. Earlier, opponents of the plane deal had gained some unexpected ammunition when the White House's liaison man with the Jewish community, Mark Siegel, 31, resigned. In a letter to the President, he explained that he had been "deeply troubled" by certain aspects of Administration policy, especially the sale of the planes to the Arabs.

At the same time, U.S. Jewish leaders are becoming more vocal about their misgivings. In a meeting with Carter aides last week, Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, warned that if U.S. Jews believed that the White House was building pressure on Begin, "it will unite them." Schindler says bluntly that, having supported the President in the past, U.S. Jews now have "a big question mark on Carter." Siegel's resignation, he adds, will increase their concern that "something is not right in American policy."

Before the terrorist attack, Begin had been having domestic problems of his own, stemming largely from the very issue that has most upset Carter: the Israeli settlements policy. As he arrived in Washington, Defense Minister Weizman got word that Agriculture Minister Ariel

Sharon had ordered work started on two new settlements on the occupied West Bank of the Jordan River in defiance of Weizman's order that they be stopped. In a heated call to Jerusalem, Weizman pleaded with Begin to halt work on the settlements until after the Premier's own Washington trip. "If only one tractor moves, I will fly back tomorrow and you can have my resignation the next day," he said. Begin agreed—but became enraged when the story was leaked to the press.

At the very least, the episode suggested that Jerusalem's conduct of the peace negotiations had raised as much doubt within the Begin government as among the prominent Israelis who have begun to criticize it. The latest indication of Begin's scant willingness to make the kind of concessions that a peace agreement will require was his insistence that U.N. Resolution 242's requirement for Israeli withdrawal does not include the West Bank—a position at variance with that held by every Israeli government since the resolution was passed in 1967.

Many Israelis, who have long suspected that their Premier does not have the vision to grasp the opening provided by Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, saw Begin's interpretation of Resolution 242 as yet another stratagem to hold on to all of the West Bank—even if it meant abandoning the peace talks. The criticism did not yet threaten Begin's position as Premier, and it would well be muted in the wake of last week's atrocity. But much now depends on his talks in Washington. Should the Israelis conclude that Begin's intransigence was to blame for the failure of the peace process and a worsening relationship with the U.S., his government could still be in trouble.

The Administration has wanted to have Begin come to Washington ever since Sadat's visit in February. Officials are convinced that Begin wants peace but does not realize how close the process is to collapse. At his press conference, Carter said he had "no intention" of pressing Begin to make additional concessions. His main purpose, he said, would be to convey Egypt's latest negotiating position to the Israeli Premier and attempt to get direct Israeli-Egyptian talks resumed. He will advance Sadat's argument that the Egyptian President needs some indication of movement on the West Bank and Resolution 242 before talks can proceed. Specifically, the U.S. would like to see the Israelis put a moratorium on any new settlements.

The Egyptians will be watching to see just how much leverage Carter has with Begin, especially in the face of all the activity by the Israel lobby against the President's plane-sale proposal. Carter insists that he is not "discouraged" about the peace process—yet. Says he: "We are going to stick with it even if it takes a lot of time and much abuse."

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World

ITALY

The Communists Say Aye

Rome enters a new, uncharted political era

In the Green Room of Rome's Chigi Palace, the leaders of five of the most prestigious parties in Italian politics last week added a significant red tint to Europe's most troubled government. It was not the "historic compromise" that would bring Communists to power in Italy, but it was the next, most important step. After 52 days of do-nothing disagreement, Christian Democratic Premier-designate Giulio Andreotti and Communist Party Chief Enrico Berlinguer accepted a "governing agreement" that puts Communists directly in the majority for the first time since 1947, when they were expelled from the postwar Cabinet of Alcide De Gasperi.

Under the agreement, which the smaller Socialist, Social Democratic and Republican parties also ratified, the Communists will henceforth have a direct role in government—not with Cabinet portfolios, but as full, acknowledged partners in Andreotti's parliamentary majority. As Berlinguer put it jubilantly, Italy's big (1.7 million members) Communist Party has reached "the threshold of national leadership responsibility."

Late last week Andreotti presented his new government—Italy's 40th since the collapse of Fascism in 1943—to President Giovanni Leone. The deal will take effect when he asks parliament for a formal vote of confidence this week. For the first time in 31 years on such a vote, the Communists will stand up to say Aye. All parties made it clear that the arrangement was to continue only until the presidential elections at the end of this year.

The step had been the subject of a suspenseful tug of war since mid-January. It was the result of leftist demands for the inclusion of Communists in an "emergency government" to deal with the problems—economic, labor and law-and-order—that brought on the fall of Andreotti's previous Cabinet.

The Christian Democrats had lately enjoyed a resurgence in the opinion polls, but any call for an early election would have further complicated the political situation. The Christian Democrats could probably have expanded the 38.7% of the vote they got in 1976—but only at the expense of other non-Communist parties. The Communists, who got 34.4% of the vote in 1976, would probably also have picked up support. So instead of risking an election, Andreotti skillfully dithered until Berlinguer dropped his call for full Cabinet representation, then made it clear that Berlinguer would have to pay a price for a place in the majority.

Most important, the Communists will have to share responsibility for tough measures aimed at dealing with the problems of big deficits, broad unemployment (1.7 million) and high inflation (at 14%.

Europe's worst) that helped touch off the crisis. After Andreotti becomes Premier for the fourth time this week, he plans to cut spending, increase tariffs, curb wage hikes and channel more funds to private investors through loans and tax incentives in order to spur industrial development. He will also try to close a projected \$10 billion budget gap by reducing such benefits as medical care and pensions.

Berlinguer moved swiftly to explain how he could support such measures. At a conference of 10,000 trade unionists in Naples, he announced that the Communists "must take on the burden of all the heavy problems to resolve the country's crisis if they are to be a national governing force." He cautioned the faithful to brace for austerity and labor moderation.



Andreotti (left) and Berlinguer

A step both sides could live with.

Berlinguer will find that hard to sell to many of his constituents. Even with Communist support, the government program will have to stand the test of Italy's three most powerful trade unions. Other complaints were sure to be heard from younger far-leftists, who have long accused Berlinguer of being too ready to barter away the revolution. In a big print shop in an industrial suburb south of Rome, a 50-year-old Communist said angrily: "The party should let the Christian Democrats drown. By supporting them, it is disenchanting the youth, who are the soul of the party. You can see the disenchantment in their [violent] behavior at the universities."

Like Berlinguer, Andreotti also moved swiftly to defend his deal. Christian Democratic spokesmen insisted that the arrangement with the Communists was indeed temporary and not "organic."

Said the Christian Democratic newspaper *Il Popolo*: "The basic differences between the parties are certainly not canceled."

Though Berlinguer has promised to respect Italy's ties to NATO and is expected cautiously not to interfere in foreign relations, there were few cheers abroad for Andreotti's agreement with the Communists. But the Carter Administration, which had earlier expressed a hope that Communist influence in democratic countries would be "reduced," let last week's development pass without public comment. Defending the arrangement, one Italian Cabinet official said that the agreement with the Communists would have the "advantages of clarity and effectiveness" for the government, "because now there is not only a tough, austere and serious economic program, but also a greater Communist commitment." Italians, not to mention doubtful officials in many Western capitals, will be watching the effects of that commitment closely in the months ahead.

FRANCE

On to Round 2

Now, the voters must choose

As France's parliamentary election campaign wound up last week, the candidates virtually scoured the thick French lexicon of political hyperbole. In a fire-and-brimstone attack on Premier Raymond Barre's anti-inflation policies, Communist Party Chief Georges Marchais declared in a Paris speech: "If I believed in God, I would promise hell for anyone who believes in austerity." Barre, for his part, ripped into Socialist Leader François Mitterrand, whose Common Program with the Communists he likened to Dr. Faust's pact with the devil. Said Barre in the city of Caen: "Monsieur Mitterrand has played with fire, and now he is beginning to burn. He signed a pact, as Faust did, to regain his youth. Now the day of reckoning has arrived."

Despite the last-lap acrimony and the high stakes involved, the voters remained surprisingly placid. Yet there was the real possibility that the two-round election for the 491 seats in the National Assembly might produce the first French government in 31 years to include Communists among its members. And, as France's voters prepared to cast their ballots in last Sunday's first round, it was all but certain that the parties of the left would outpoll those in the center-right coalition and possibly capture an outright majority of the popular vote.

The last pre-election polls had given the combined left a substantial lead over the center-right parties. But it was far from clear whether a first-round victory would foreshadow a leftist triumph in the crucial second-round ballot next Sunday. Much would depend on whether the feud-

World

RHODESIA

Agonizing over the Settlement

An Anglo-American split may result from Smith's plan

ing Socialists and Communists could patch up their differences and agree to support each other in the Sunday runoff. If the left were to have any chance of winning, each of the two parties would have to withdraw its candidate in districts where the other's candidate had won in the first round. They would then have to put their combined weight behind the front runner, whether Communist or Socialist. Without such a deal, the leftist vote would be split in many districts, giving a strong advantage in the runoff to the center-right candidates led by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac.

Early this week Marchais was scheduled to announce whether or not he intended to make good his threat of last January to deny the Socialists his support in the second round if his Communists failed to win at least 21% of the vote in Round 1. Although Marchais' policy differences with Mitterrand were sharp—the Communists insist on sweeping nationalization of industry—there were indications that he planned to join forces with the Socialists in order to make a leftist victory possible in Round 2. Communist Historian Jean Ellenstein told TIME last week he fully expected a leftist accord after the first round. By delaying until then, Ellenstein explained, "the Socialists can pick up extra votes on the right, and the Communists can do the same on the left."

Even if Mitterrand and Marchais did manage to paper over their quarrel, imbalances in the makeup of France's electoral districts would require the leftist parties to win at least 52% or 53% of the popular vote before they could gain a majority in the Assembly. But a shift in France's political demographics may help the left attain that goal. Giscard's lowering of the voting age in 1974 created the youngest French electorate in 40 years. The increase in left-leaning young voters has more than counterbalanced the rise in the number of voters over 65, who tend to be conservative. The more conservative farm and small business population has declined precipitately as well.

There were some gloomy predictions about what might happen if the left won a majority of the popular vote but did not get at least half of the 491 Assembly seats. The result, former Premier Pierre Mendès France, a Socialist, warned last week, could be "chaos." Said he "It would be an affront to the country to impose a government against the people's will." Barre's reply was blunt: "I don't understand Mendès France's argument. The same Frenchmen will vote in both rounds. There's an old saying in France 'In the first round you criticize, in the second you choose.'" But this time there was a clear possibility that in the second round the French voters would opt for a change.

From a hidden position on the southern shore of the Zambezi River, Rhodesian soldiers near the town of Kanyemba last week saw about 100 armed guerrillas in camouflage fatigues, paddling in rubber boats across the river—the border between Zambia and Rhodesia. The Rhodesians opened fire, and Canberra and Hawker Hunter jets soon joined the battle. So began Rhodesia's first admitted "external" (i.e., incursion) into Zambian territory—a two-day raid that destroyed an arms cache and a command camp of Joshua Nkomo's 8,000-man guerrilla army. Rhodesia announced that the "self-defense" raid—"It was a beautiful op, smooth as butter," said one officer in Salisbury—killed 38 guerrillas at the cost of one white Rhodesian trooper. Insisting that industrial targets had been hit as well, Zambia announced it would seek U.N. condemnation of the raid.

Critics of Prime Minister Ian Smith cited the bloody incident as proof that his announced plan to bring majority rule to Rhodesia by next year would lead to escalation, rather than cessation, of the five-year-old guerrilla war. Smith's "internal settlement," negotiated with three moderate black nationalists, excludes Patriotic Front Leaders Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, who flew to New York last week to address a session of the U.N. Security Council on Rhodesia that had been requested by 49 African nations. "We would do anything to block the Smith settlement here," said Tanzania's U.N. Ambassador

Salim A. Salim, "because otherwise it would have to be blocked militarily on the scene." British intelligence analysts say that two Cuban regiments, as well as 200 Soviet tanks and 20 crated MiG-21 fighters, are now positioned in Mozambique, Mugabe's main base of operations. Nkomo last week denied that he had invited Cuban advisers to join his Zambian-based guerrillas. But his strong supporter, Zambia's moderately pro-Western President Kenneth Kaunda, has threatened that he might request Soviet and Cuban aid to defend his country from Rhodesian attacks. On the other hand, TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief David Wood reported, a Soviet diplomat in Lusaka, Zambia's capital, argues that a Cuban intervention is unlikely, since it would almost certainly provoke South African reinforcement of Smith's forces.

Smith's agreement with the country's moderate black leaders—Bishop Abel Muzorewa, Chief Jeremiah Chirau and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole—envisions a transitional period of evolution toward majority rule during which whites (who number about 264,000 in Rhodesia's population of 7 million) would be guaranteed 28 of 100 parliamentary seats for at least ten years. The present Rhodesian Parliament, which is totally dominated by whites, would have to approve any new constitution. During an interim period, expected to begin within a matter of weeks, Smith will share executive authority with the three black leaders and will



U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young with Rhodesia's Bishop Abel Muzorewa in New York

"Nkomo negotiated with Smith for three months and nobody called him a puppet."

have veto power, in effect, since decisions made by the four must be unanimous.

Thanks largely to pressure from African states that reject the internal settlement, Muzorewa was refused permission to address the U.N. on a visit to New York last week. In an interview with *TIME*, Correspondent Lee Griggs, the bishop conceded that the "so-called internal settlement" was imperfect, adding that "it was the best we could get, and the important thing is that we now have a basis for the transfer of power." Muzorewa firmly denied the familiar charges by Nkomo and Mugabe that he is, in their words, a puppet of Smith's. Said the bishop: "Nkomo negotiated with Smith for three months in 1976 and nobody called him a puppet. He failed, but we have succeeded. Now Nkomo is jealous." Muzorewa believes that once the joint executive council is set up and an amnesty declared for guerrillas, many if not most of the Patriotic Front supporters will desert.

Smith's settlement posed an awkward diplomatic problem for the U.S. and Britain, which had proposed an alternative plan that would include leaders of the Patriotic Front in negotiations. The main features of the Anglo-American proposal: 1) Smith's government would resign and be replaced by an interim regime headed by a British proconsul; 2) elections for a new multiracial government, on a one-man, one-vote basis, would be internationally supervised; 3) rebel and Rhodesian forces would be merged.

Neither Washington nor London wants the Communist-supported guerrillas to dictate the future of an independent Zimbabwe (the nationalists' name for Rhodesia). Nonetheless, British and U.S. policymakers see several flaws in

Smith's settlement. Although Muzorewa is probably the country's most popular black leader, Western diplomats who know the bishop agree that he lacks the political savvy to serve effectively as President of Zimbabwe. Chirau is thought to be too closely identified with Smith, while Sithole, although a shrewd tactician, lacks a broad political base. The British believe that Nkomo can still be wooed away from his uneasy alliance with Marxist-inspired Mugabe, and would have the widest spectrum of support as Rhodesia's first post-Smith Prime Minister. Beyond that, there is the question of Smith's credibility. As one U.S. diplomat puts it: "How do Muzorewa and Sithole hope to get the guerrillas to stop if they only have Smith on good faith?"

In his first comment on Smith's arrangement, U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance was ambiguous. Said he: "We remain committed to working with all the parties to achieve a peaceful solution and majority rule in 1978." But a split may be developing between Washington and London. British officials said last week that they might be inclined to recognize Smith's settlement if he showed good faith by permitting international supervision of elections, promoting blacks to high officer rank in Rhodesia's armed forces, and appointing blacks to serve along with whites in the country's civil service. Declared British Foreign Secretary David Owen, "I am unrepentant in going for what I believe to be an ideal solution, which is a cease-fire and total involvement of the nationalist leaders. But I am a realist. It may be that that cannot be achieved."

Owen's statements distressed U.S. diplomats—notably Ambassador to the U.N. Andrew Young, who wondered aloud whether the British "are to run out on us the way they did in 1948 [by abdicating their mandate over Palestine] and leave us with 30 years of trouble." Owen, fresh from Washington talks with Vance and President Carter, noted wryly that his friend Young has a habit of "shooting from the hip."

At a press conference late in the week Carter said he hoped that a meeting could take place at which all the nationalist leaders would negotiate their differences. Britain and the U.S. were involved in backstage maneuvering at the U.N. to head off a Security Council resolution condemning Smith's settlement plan. Such a resolution could divide the Anglo-American alliance if Britain used its veto to block it and the U.S. abstained. Meanwhile, a number of black African diplomats were expressing renewed interest in the Anglo-American plan, which they had disdained earlier. "The British and Americans should resume driving and not take the back seat," insisted Mauritius' U.N. Ambassador, Radha Krishna Ramphul. Added a Western diplomat in Dar es Salaam: "Never has there been so much support for the Anglo-American plan as there is now. I just hope it isn't too late." ■



Somalia's President Mohamed Siad Barre

AFRICA

The Somalis Go

But will the Cubans follow?

Out of the nettle of disastrous defeat, Somalia's President Mohamed Siad Barre last week sought to pluck a flower: the U.S. military assistance for which he has been campaigning for months. From Mogadishu, Barre ordered home 20,000 Somali troops who have been battling Ethiopians, and recently Cubans and Russians, in the neighboring Ogaden region of Ethiopia in support of ethnic Somalis living there. By playing the peace-maker and withdrawing his invasion forces from territory to which he had no claim anyway, Barre satisfied a Washington condition for receiving defensive weapons to protect himself against the troops now sweeping toward his borders.

President Carter hailed the Somali decision and urged the Soviet-Cuban expedition to do exactly the same thing: leave Ethiopia. Said Carter: "As soon as Somali forces have withdrawn completely, and as soon as Ethiopian forces have re-established control over their territory, withdrawal of the Soviet and Cuban combat presence should begin." By week's end there were reports out of Washington that Moscow has told the Administration it expects a "very substantial reduction" in the number of Cubans in Ethiopia, currently about 12,000.

But it is likely that the Horn of Africa will remain among the several problem areas Washington has on that continent. And, as the President well knew, Barre's battalions were not conducting an orderly withdrawal; they were being badly beaten. Several thousand Somali soldiers are estimated to have died last week around the strategic Ogaden town of Jijiga.



Joshua Nkomo at the U.N. Security Council

An awkward diplomatic problem.

World

SOVIET UNION

For a Lot of Bucks, BAM!

Why Moscow is working on a new Siberian railroad

Militarily, the speedy windup of the fighting was a Soviet tactical triumph. For centuries, Jijiga has been protected against attacks from the west by the Ahmar Mountains and the Karamarda Pass. Instead of trying to fight through the pass, a combined combat force, estimated at 68,000 Ethiopians and 7,000 Cubans, simply went over the mountains. Light armor—tanks or armored personnel carriers—was airlifted behind the lines of the surprised Somalis by Soviet heavy Mi-6 or Mi-8 helicopters based at Dire Dawa. The Somalis had been pinned down by repeated MiG-17 and MiG-21 air strikes flown by both Ethiopian and Cuban pilots. Caught between the airlifted forces and ground units moving through the pass behind Soviet T-55 tanks, Somali units were cut off and chopped up. Jijiga itself, whose 2,000 inhabitants had begun a painful rebuilding following heavy battles there last fall, was destroyed.

Diplomatically, the victorious side fared even better. At his press conference, Carter made a trade-off sound reasonable: Somalia had pulled back, now the Soviets, Cubans and other Warsaw Pact advisers in Ethiopia should do the same. But the Soviets, while suggesting that a substantial Cuban withdrawal would follow the Somali pullback, did not offer a timetable or mention any numbers. When, why or whether such a reduction would take place was debatable. But Lieut. Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam, leader of Ethiopia's Provisional Military Council, would scarcely want to see the Russians and their Havana Hessians depart so soon. Apart from Oga-den, Mengistu has at least one other serious problem with which the Soviets might help: more tenacious anti-Ethiopian rebels in Eritrea. About the most Washington could hope for as a result would be that Mengistu would honor his "personal assurances" to Carter last month that his troops would not plunge into Somalia itself.

Scattered guerrilla groups of the Western Somali Liberation Front—ethnic Somalis living in the Ogaden—could conceivably keep the fighting going in the region for years; indeed, they managed to do so before regular forces entered the war last July. Barre has persuaded his people the West is to blame for the Ogaden debacle because it did not send him arms and has not renounced claims to the Ogaden.

Carter said last week that the U.S. stands ready "to assist the Organization of African Unity in working out the basis for negotiations between Ethiopia and Somalia which would ensure the territorial integrity of all countries in the region and the honoring of international boundaries." In view of the latest events, it was not likely that the O.A.U. could or would want to step in between Mogadishu and Addis Ababa—or, more to the point, between Washington and Moscow. ■

To Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, it is "the project of the century." In the Soviet press, it is BAM. But whatever it is called, the Soviet Baikal-Amur Mainline Railway is the biggest construction project under way anywhere in the world today. To tap directly into the varied resources of Siberia, the Soviets are laying track across a 1,965-mile stretch of wilderness running from the frontier town of Ust-Kut near Lake Baikal to an eastern terminus at Komsomolsk, 565 miles north of Vladivostok. By the time the rail is laid in 1983, the cost of the project, now one-third com-

pleat, but its remoteness has frustrated them. As one Soviet expert on BAM puts it: "When God was distributing the elements over the earth, he grew tired when he got here, mixed up everything he had left, and dumped it haphazardly." BAM will eventually carry a marvelously mixed bag of these riches: petroleum from major new oilfields in Western Siberia, coal from Neryungri and Chulman, iron ore and gold from Aldan, diamonds from Yakutia, and salt, asbestos, molybdenum, copper, tin and bauxite from various areas. Shipped to Japan and other resource-hungry nations, such exports will help Mos-



plete after three years of work, may reach \$15 billion—twice the price of the Alaska pipeline. TIME's Moscow bureau chief Marsh Clark flew from Khabarovsk on the Manchurian border to a construction site on BAM's eastern end for a look at the work in progress. His report:

While our plane came in for a landing, Siberia loomed as a forbidding vista of seismic scars and snowcapped mountain ranges. Our destination: a tiny pioneer village aptly named Alonka (wasteland). The temperature: 50° F. below zero. On even chillier days, the cold at Alonka becomes literally audible: the moisture of exhaled breath freezes instantly, and the colliding crystals make a rustling sound. The Jeep-like vehicles used by the construction crews had quilts on their hoods; at a bridge construction site, workers were busy "cooking" concrete in warm elevated shacks before pouring it into foundations. The bridge, begun eight months ago, was due to be finished at the end of March. "I'll be here for the victory," said Foreman Vladimir Zudilov, 32, whose fur ear flaps were covered with hoarfrost. "And then we'll move on to start another BAM bridge."

Since the days of the czars, the Russians have dreamed of harvesting Siberia's

cow earn the foreign currency it needs to pay for technological development.

BAM's route covers mountainous regions where there have been earthquakes, and broad areas of permafrost and innumerable bogs where the ground heaves during the short summer thaw. Pressure tests of the Siberian soil are conducted at an underground Permafrost Institute at Yakutsk. Some 3,700 bridges and culverts must be built across rivers and streams. Subway experts from Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev have helped drill tunnels (one of them 9.5 miles long) through seven mountain ranges.

Since the BAM boom began in 1974, 100,000 workers, most of them young, have signed up, lured by salaries that are two to three times the national average of \$215 a month and by bronze BAM medals awarded by the Supreme Soviet. To minimize language problems and make the most of a spirit of ethnic competition, the BAM planners have set up separate work camps for at least 20 Soviet nationalities, including Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Moldavians and Uzbeks. Students from Zaïre, Chile, Nigeria and other African and Latin American countries attending Moscow's Patrice Lumumba People's Friendship University have been



Scenes from Siberia: viaduct under construction in — 50° F. cold near hamlet called Alonka (wasteland)



Poster hailing "railway of the century"

used as summer "volunteers." The Soviet army has also lent many hands.

With all this, maintaining BAM's manpower has been a problem. Workers must pass difficult physical examinations and receive special inoculations before going to Siberia, where the natural hazards include swarms of mosquitoes and gnats in summer, and frostbite and conjunctivitis caused by the glare of sun on snow in winter. Most of the workers live in settlements in the BAM service area, a corridor, 50 to 100 miles wide, running along the track. Although there are such amenities as movies and theaters, life is harsh. Food must be flown in, mail service is irregular, and even such necessities as warm clothing are often in short supply.

BAM workers have sometimes struck over the conditions. In one such episode, a Soviet publication observed, party officials had to be sent "to straighten the matter out." One measure of the size of the project: BAM planners are concerned about how to improve worker productivity before the low birth rate among European Russians will begin to cut into the skilled-labor pool in the early 1980s.

Another concern has boosted BAM to a "shock" (top priority) project. The only other railroad through the entire territory, the 73-year-old Trans-Siberian, runs along the north bank of the Amur River, which is part of the Soviet-Chinese frontier. The "River of the Black Dragon," as the Chinese call it, has been the focus of disputes for 300 years. Soviet and Chinese troops have repeatedly clashed along it and the nearby Ussuri River in the past decade. In Khabarovsk, where soldiers were much in evidence, an official says: "Things are calm here right now, and we hope they'll stay that way." By building BAM 110 to 310 miles north of the border, the Soviets are seeking insurance against the possibility—if things do not stay calm—that a Chinese attack could immediately sever their vital ground link between European Russia and the Pacific. ■



Completed section of Baikal-Amur Mainline track arcing across frozen landscape

Technician testing soil in underground laboratory



Welding at one of BAM's 3,700 bridge sites



Special Section



In Search of Identity

by Anwar Sadat

Egyptian civilization, Anwar Sadat has often observed, is 7,000 years old, but the country's modern history as a sovereign state dates only from 1922. Sadat is both a witness to many of the major events in Egypt's recent history and one of the primary figures who shaped them. Born on Christmas Day, 1918, in the Nile village of Mit Abu el Kom, he was inspired as a youth by the exploits of Kemal Atatürk, the father of modern Turkey. Sadat was twice imprisoned for his revolutionary activities—the second time, in 1946, for complicity in the murder of a former minister in King Farouk's government. As the founder of the Free Officers' Organization within the Egyptian army, Sadat was intimately involved in planning the military coup that overthrew the monarchy in the July Revolution of 1952. He served the new government in a variety of posts and succeeded his long-

time colleague Gamal Abdel Nasser as president of Egypt after Nasser's death in 1970.

Although it is rare for a politician to publish an autobiography while still in power, Sadat began his memoirs in 1975, in part to correct what he felt were false accounts of Egypt's history written by disciples of Nasser. The result is *In Search of Identity: An Autobiography*, which will be published in the U.S. next month by Harper & Row (\$15). One part of the work appeared in TIME's Jan. 2 issue naming Sadat Man of the Year. In the excerpts that follow, Sadat gives his views of his mercurial relationship with Nasser, how the Kremlin treats its friends, how the threat of U.S. intervention kept him from winning a war he thinks he won and what led to his sacred mission to Jerusalem.

Reflections on Nasser

Sadat and Nasser were leading members of the Revolutionary Command Council, which replaced the monarchy in 1952 and established first General Mohammed Naguib and later Nasser himself as Presidents of an Egyptian republic. Sadat writes about his ambivalent attitude toward his fellow revolutionary:

There were times, during the eighteen years of our collaboration, when I could not understand (Nasser) or accept his actions; but the love I bore him never diminished. He, on the other hand, had been in the grip of "complexes" since childhood and was often motivated by them; and he, as well as many of his entourage, suffered as a result.

Sometimes we differed over one thing or another, and occasionally we had an estrangement that would go on for a couple of months or more. Sometimes it was caused by a difference of opinion, sometimes by the intrigues of his entourage, who had a remarkable influence on him. Nasser believed in "reports," and was by nature inclined to listen to gossip.

It is not in my nature at all to be on the defensive, whether against Nasser or anybody else. However long, our estrangement would end when he rang me up and asked where I had been all those days and why I hadn't got in touch. I usually answered that I thought he had been too busy and so didn't wish to take him away from his engagements, whereupon we would meet and carry on again as though nothing had happened.

The revolution took place in 1952, and I played a part in it. My participation was not in itself important to me. What was important to me was that the revolution actually took place and that the dream I had had from early childhood was realized. It was this that made me live with Nasser for eighteen years without ever clashing with him. I was happy to work in any capacity simply because I looked for no personal gain, and never made any demands at all. Whether as a member of the Revolutionary Command Council, as secretary-general for the Islamic Congress, as editor-in-chief of *al-Gomhouriya*, or as Speaker of the National Assembly, I stood by [Nasser] alike in victory or defeat. And this was, perhaps, what made Nasser look around him seventeen years later to realize that there was indeed one man with whom he never quarreled.

Nasser died without ever experiencing *joie de vivre*. Anxiety gnawed continually at his heart, as he regarded everybody with suspicion, whatever a man's real position was. It was only natural, therefore, that Nasser should bequeath a legacy of suspicion and alertness. It wasn't easy for Nasser to have anybody for his friend, in the full sense of the term, because of his tendency to be wary, suspicious, extremely bitter, and highly strung. By this I do not mean, however, that Nasser lacked all sense of loyalty; on the contrary, I mean to point out his sharpness of mind. From my record in the armed forces, and from his experience since we first met early in life, he gathered I was a man of principles and lofty values.

Nasser's attitude changed, however, after the revolution broke out and he took his place at the helm. In 1953, when conflicts rocked the Revolutionary Command Council (to the extent of actually posing a danger to the revolution and the entire future of Egypt), I called on him at home and said:

"A revolution, Gamal, can consume itself as well as its revolutionaries. Surely we don't want this to happen to us. Shouldn't you put an end to all this? Simply say to our colleagues, Let's act as a team: those who share our views may carry on with us. Those who seek to dictate to us (whatever their individual stances) are free to go."

Nasser was listening very attentively. I went on, "It's only natural for changes to take place once we come to power, but this should never be at the expense of Egypt. We have unanimously elected you chairman of the Revolutionary Command Council. Therefore, we cannot possibly differ from you. So it should be made clear to all that anyone who can cooperate with you may stay with us, and anyone who cannot may resign..." But Nasser wouldn't let me finish. Livid with rage, he suddenly interrupted me to object, and burst into an attack as though I was against him rather than being on his side. The vituperation poured forth in all directions, almost as if a volcano had



Sadat's view of Nasser: suspicious, but sharp of mind

erupted in his chest. God knows I had no other end in view but to spare Egypt the consequences of an internal conflict between the rulers of the land that was becoming increasingly intensified. It was this that made the July Revolution, for all its achievements, steer Egypt on a disastrous course culminating in the 1967 defeat [in the Six-Day War with Israel] which very nearly blotted out all our earlier achievements.

Dealing with the Russians

By 1956 the Soviet Union had become Egypt's principal source of arms. According to Sadat, dealing with the Russians was often an exercise in frustration: promises were made and not kept, messages from Cairo went unanswered, and arms deliveries were invariably far behind schedule. As Sadat acidly observes: "It was as though one was communicating with imaginary people." In the following passage, Sadat explains his surprising decision, in July 1972, to oust all Soviet advisers from Egypt.

In July 1971 a Communist *coup d'état* took place in Sudan. My attitude was firm, I said we condemned it because we would not accept a Communist régime established on our doorstep—in a country sharing our borders. A few days later, however, the coup was foiled and President [Jaafar] Numeiry, having got rid of his enemies, was back in power.

My attitude to the Sudan coup caused the gap between me and the Soviet leaders to widen. Throughout July, August, and September, all I could receive in answer to my messages (inquiring about arms deliveries) was that (the leaders) were away in their Crimean summer resort.

Toward the end of September, they sent me a message saying that they would be willing to see me in Moscow on Oct. 11. Although I had had enough (anyone in my position would have lost his patience as a result of their deliberate failure to respond for almost half a year), I didn't show that I was upset in the least and did leave for Moscow. At the talks I repeated the words I had said to them in March: "I don't mind, my friends, if you keep me one step behind Israel [in armaments] but I find it a bit too much to be twenty steps behind her!"

As usual, the Soviet leaders would let me say what I liked, occasionally voicing opposition which developed at times into sharp exchanges. Except for Brezhnev—he always appeared to be understanding and never opposed me. This time, however, they promised to send me the missile-equipped aircraft, together with experts to train Egyptian crews to use them. This time, too, they waived their original condition, namely, that to operate those aircraft in particular, prior permission had to be granted by Moscow. At the end of the meeting I said: "It's Oct. 12 today. I hope these weapons will be sent us as soon as possible so that we can be in a position, before the year is out, to break the deadlock of the present situation." I had, in fact, declared that 1971 would be the year of decision, that we would have to decide then whether to have a peaceful solution or go to war.

I went back to Egypt, this time fully confident that the promised weapons would soon be on their way to us. There was no

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sign of anything throughout October and November. On Dec. 12 I summoned the Soviet ambassador and told him I had so far received no weapons whatsoever; I wanted him therefore to tell the Soviet leaders that I must see them to find a means of dealing with a situation in which I felt exposed for having failed to make 1971 truly a year of decision. It was the end of December when the Soviet ambassador called to tell me that the Soviet leaders were very busy at the moment but that they'd willingly see me in Moscow [in] February.

I was in Moscow as requested on Feb. 1 and 2, 1972, and asked for the reason for the delay in sending the weapons which the Soviet leaders had promised me. Brezhnev said he was personally to blame. It was due, he said, to the necessary paperwork, the inevitable red tape, and similar things. "I am not convinced of that," I said, "and if this is repeated I will have to act—a decision will have to be taken." I was beside myself with rage. I reiterated what I had told them on my previous visits, particularly that we didn't want Soviet soldiers to fight our battle for us and that we sought no confrontation between them and the United States. The meeting ended with them reading out a list of weapons which they promised would be shipped "forthwith." They were not the essential weapons I wanted but they were better than nothing.

Back in Egypt, I realized my patience had run out.

The Soviet ambassador suddenly called late in April 1972, to convey an "urgent" message from the Soviet leaders. They wanted me to pay a visit to Moscow. We—the Soviet leaders and I—agreed at our Moscow talks on the need for them to send us a detailed analysis of the situation after [President Richard] Nixon's visit to Moscow in May, preparatory to the shipment to Egypt of all those weapons included in the old contracts, November 1972, when the U.S. presidential campaign would be held, was the agreed deadline. The idea was that we should be adequately prepared by November, when a new American President would have been elected, to resort to military action if all avenues to peace continued to be blocked. They agreed to this and I returned to Cairo.

Nixon made his first visit to the Soviet Union in May 1972 as planned. The first statement on détente was issued jointly by Moscow and Washington, advocating military relaxation in the Middle East. It was a violent shock to us because, as I have previously explained, we lagged at least twenty steps behind Israel and so "military relaxation" in this context could mean nothing but giving in to Israel.

The Soviet "analysis," following from the Moscow Nixon meeting, reached me on July 6—in other words, more than a month late. This analysis explained that no progress had been achieved on the Middle East question in the Soviet-American talks—just as I had predicted during my Moscow visit late in April—in view of the fact that it was the U.S. election year. What was even more odd, the Soviet analysis conveyed to me by the Soviet ambassador said nothing at all about the failure to ship the requested weapons.

I asked the Soviet ambassador: "Is this the message?"

"Yes," he said.

"You were, weren't you, with us in Moscow last April," I said, "and you did hear us agree that the weapons should be sent to us before the U.S. elections took place?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well," I continued, "this message doesn't mention that."

"This is the message I have received."

"Well," I said, "I cannot accept it, and indeed reject the Soviet leaders' method in dealing with us. Please convey all I am going to tell you to the Soviet leaders as an official message."

"One. I reject this message you've transmitted to me from the Soviet leaders, both in form and content. It is unacceptable. I reject, too, this method in dealing with us."



With Brezhnev: understanding, but no replies

I summoned the War Minister the following morning and ordered him to carry out the decisions I had taken. By July 16, 1972, all my decisions had been implemented. As the Soviet Union refused to sell us the MiG-25 aircraft and jamming equipment, they were withdrawn along with the experts.

One of the reasons behind my decision was the Soviet attitude to me; but another important reason was that within the strategy I had laid down, no war could be fought while Soviet experts worked in Egypt. The Soviet Union, the West, and Israel misinterpreted my decision to expel the military experts and reached an erroneous conclusion which in fact served my strategy, as I had expected—that it was an indication that I had finally decided not to fight my own battle. That interpretation made me happy; it was precisely what I wanted them to think. A further reason for the expulsion of the Soviet experts was that the Soviet Union had begun to feel that it enjoyed a privileged position in Egypt—so much so that the Soviet ambassador had assumed a position comparable to that of the British High Commissioner in the days of British occupation of Egypt.

Yet another reason for my decision was that I wanted to put the Soviet Union in its place—in its natural position as a friendly country, no more, no less. The Soviets had thought at one time that they had Egypt in their pocket, and the world had come to think that the Soviet Union was our guardian. I wanted to tell the Russians that the will of Egypt was entirely Egyptian. I wanted to tell the whole world that we are always our own masters. Whoever wished to talk to us should come over and do it, rather than approach the Soviet Union.

The October War

Although many historians would argue otherwise, Sadat claims that his forces defeated the Israelis in the October War of 1973. Why, then, did he agree to a U.S.-Soviet cease-fire proposal? Sadat writes that he was motivated by fear that the U.S. might interfere militarily to "save Israel" from annihilation.

Henry Kissinger was jolted into reality on the fourth day of the war when the distress signal, "Save Israel," reached him. For the first three days the Israeli propaganda machine had spoken of "crushing the bones of the Egyptians"—and the world mass media simply echoed this. Kissinger had no doubt that we would be defeated until he was woken up by the "Save Israel" message—which was an urgent request for 400 tanks to replace those lost on the Egyptian front—and by a Pentagon report to the effect that the war on the Egyptian front was not proceeding in favor of Israel. He must have heard too that Dayan had collapsed and wept, in front of all the foreign press correspondents, saying that the road to Tel-Aviv was open.

From the moment he knew this, Kissinger worked persistently for a cease-fire with the Soviet Union. He began by calling for a cease-fire providing for a return by the belligerents to

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Sadat as wartime commander in chief: a challenge to Israel

the lines of Oct. 6 (see map), but then he changed his cease-fire terms to save Israel after the famous plea and the Pentagon reports to demand a cease-fire on the existing lines of Oct. 13. We actually turned down both requests. When, however, the Soviet Union informed him that Egypt would agree to a cease-fire on the existing lines of Oct. 13, Kissinger was very pleased and contacted the U.S. delegation at the UN to prepare for this. He now wanted to make quite sure that it was so. He wanted to hear it from me. Kissinger had been told by the Egyptian National Security adviser in Paris early in 1972 that the Soviet Union had no power to speak for Egypt—and this fact was officially transmitted to the United States. Kissinger had therefore been shocked when I conveyed my reply: Please tell Kissinger that this never took place. I haven't agreed to a cease-fire proposed by the Soviet Union or any other party. He should contact Cairo, not Moscow, in respect of anything concerning Egypt. Furthermore, I shall not agree to a cease-fire until the tasks included in the plan have been accomplished.

Immediately afterwards I received a note from the Soviet Union to the effect that Premier Kosygin would like to come over to see me. I said he would be welcome. Kosygin arrived swiftly. His main request was that we should have a cessation of hostilities on the existing lines. "I am not prepared," I said, "to have a repeat of the 1948 'truce' which was behind our loss of the war." "We'll come in here and guarantee nothing of the sort would happen," he said. "With Israel," I replied, "you can't guarantee anything! Besides, where are the tanks I asked for on the second day of the war?"

Kosygin then resorted to his more vicious side. Kosygin is aggressive and a bureaucrat. He is noted in the Soviet Union for having served for thirteen years in government posts under Stalin without being liquidated by Beria—the Stalin Minister of the Interior—or sent to Siberia, as was the fate of all those who worked under Stalin. Not one of them except Kosygin was spared—as Khrushchev told us when he visited Egypt in 1964.

"Well," I said, "let us go over what you're saying. The equipment you have supplied us with is not up to date; you made us lag behind Israel in armament by a long way, and still I proceeded to fight, and—here we are. I am winning! What sort of friendly relations would you call this? Isn't it high time we buried the past and opened a new chapter?"

"Mr. President," he replied, "I hadn't thought you'd be so excited." On this note our first meeting ended. During his four-day visit to Egypt, Kosygin would spend the whole of each day at the Soviet Embassy, then call to see me in the evening. The Israeli counterattack (alternatively referred to as the capturing of the Deversoir Bulge) took place while he was in Egypt. He came to see me, with gloom written all over his face, and said: "With all this counterattacking you have finally been checked. A threat is now posed to Cairo."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," I replied, "but no threat will ever be posed to Cairo. However, where are the tanks I asked you for?"

"We've concentrated on Syria because," he said, "she took a thrashing and lost 1,200 tanks in one day."

"I've no objection to that; in fact, you should do all in your power to help Syria. But it doesn't mean you should deny me the tanks I asked for. You send the tanks and I'll deal with the counterattacks."

Four days later he was off to Moscow. I told him on departure: "I won't have a cease-fire until the final stage of my War Plan has been carried out. I hope this is clear enough for you."

I later came to know that the U.S. satellite which had begun to transmit information, hour by hour, to the Israelis since they sent out their "Save Israel" message, now informed them that the Egyptians had taken their Armored Division 21 across to the East Bank of the Canal in an attempt to relieve the pressure on Syria at President [Hafez] Assad's request. I also knew that the Pentagon advised the Israelis to try a counterattack to save their force in Sinai. In his Memoirs, the Israeli Chief of Staff, during the October War, tried to absolve himself by reporting that Golda Meir, after receiving the information gathered by the U.S. satellite, had asked the commanders to try to do anything—anything—because the Israelis on the Egyptian front had reached "the bottom," to quote verbatim.

While the U.S. satellite hourly transmitted information to Israel, we received nothing at all from the Soviet satellite which followed up the fighting. I would like to put this on record as a point of historical significance insofar as the Soviet Union claims to champion the Arab cause. Soviet satellites did keep a watch over the battle from the start, for Syria had informed the Soviet Union of Zero Hour. The recordings made were played to the [Soviet] Central Committee. I asked for a copy of that videotape but have received no reply to this day and won't receive any. Israel, even without demanding it, received hourly information from the Pentagon, provided until this moment by the American satellite. The United States was only too willing to supply her with this because the satellite had shown that the fighting on the Egyptian front was not in Israel's favor, and because Dayan had admitted that the road from Sinai to Tel-Aviv now lay open.

As I followed up the progress of the war from the Operations Room I became conscious of a serious development: the United States was using us for the air-bridge she now established to save Israel. El Arish became an airbase where colossal U.S. transport aircraft landed, loaded with tanks and sophisticated weapons. El Arish is an Egyptian city 90 miles east of the Suez Canal in Sinai; it was captured in the 1967 war.

And I noted, too, another serious development. In the tank battles, which were fierce and which the Egyptians conducted very efficiently, as Israel herself admitted, I noticed that every time I destroyed a dozen tanks, more tanks were to be seen on the battlefield. The United States was taking part in the war to save Israel, following the plea sent out on the fourth day.

Early in the war, the Israeli U.S. Phantoms had fired a dozen rockets at the Egyptian SAM missiles but hit only the aerial of one battery, which was repaired in fifteen minutes. Now two American rockets were fired at two Egyptian missile batteries and put them both out of action completely. I later came to learn that this was a new U.S. rocket called the TV-camera bomb. To save Israel, the U.S.A. used them against Egypt.

So, the United States was now taking part in the fighting by supplying Israel with weapons still being tested, with the Maverick [missile], and many other items—to save Israel. I knew my capabilities. I did not intend to fight the entire United Nations of America.

On Oct. 19, I wrote a cable to President Assad in his capacity as my partner in the war in which I told him I had decided to accept a cease-fire. I put on record, in that telegram, the substance of my stand on this issue—that I was not afraid of a confrontation with Israel but that I would not confront the United States. I would not allow the Egyptian forces or Egypt's strategic targets to be destroyed once again. And I was willing to be brought to book by my people in Egypt and the Arab world, to answer for this decision.

For the previous ten days I had been fighting—entirely alone

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—against the Americans with their modern weapons, most of which had not ever been used before. The reality was very different from what the world thought. Everybody believed that the Soviet Union had backed us and established an air-bridge to help us, but that wasn't the situation I faced the United States and Israel: while the Soviet Union stood behind me, ready to stab me in the back if I lost 85% or 90% of my arms, just as in 1967. It was obvious now that the United States could destroy my entire air defense system with the TV-camera bombs, and thus give the Israelis the "open skies" of Egypt they had enjoyed in 1967.

When the Soviet ambassador arrived at al-Tahirah Palace in Cairo, I told him I had accepted a cease-fire on the existing lines. Meanwhile Kissinger was on his way to Moscow for talks in connection with the cease-fire. I turned to the Soviet ambassador and said, "The two superpowers should guarantee the cease-fire and immediate implementation of Security Council Resolution 242."

The two superpowers did reach agreement on this and the Security Council decided that a cease-fire should come into effect at 19:00 hours on Oct. 22. I must put on record here, in fulfillment of my historical responsibility, that our forces fought a remarkable battle in the days from Oct. 19 to 22. *I challenge Israel to declare the real losses she sustained in the Deversoir Bulge, or indeed, in Sinai.* Our Special Service and air forces inflicted great losses on the Israelis in those few days, particularly at Deversoir on the West Bank [of the Suez Canal]. The Israelis would not admit this until 1976, when they actually described the Deversoir Bulge as "the Valley of Death."

Conversations with Kissinger

Sadat offers his account of several conversations with "my friend Henry"—former Secretary of State Kissinger. Among them were the post-cessate-fire talks that led to the first Israeli-Egyptian Sinai accord, which was signed in January 1974.

Kissinger said he wanted to see me. He arrived in Egypt for the first time in November [1973] and said: "You've created an international crisis, and that's why I've come to see you. What are your requests?"

We had a three-hour session, during which we agreed on six points, one of which was that Egyptian-Israeli talks for a disengagement of forces and a return to the lines of Oct. 22 would start at Km. 101 on the Cairo-Suez road. The talks were held under U.N. supervision. But they were very protracted. I left at the time for Algiers to attend the Arab Summit Conference, and when I came back the negotiations still hadn't got anywhere. I asked [Chief of Staff Mohammed Abdel Gannasy to suspend them. "I am not prepared," I said, "to engage in this sort of haggling and bickering."

In December 1973 I was ready to liquidate the Deversoir pocket. Our forces started a war of attrition and consistently put pressure on the infiltrators. We regained a good deal of ground every day—sometimes advancing a few yards, sometimes a few miles, but always advancing. I was really fully prepared to liquidate the Israelis there, but I had to take one risk into consideration, that of possible U.S. intervention. On Dec. 11, 1973, Kissinger came to see me again. I told him, "I cannot accept this way of conducting the negotiations. I am going to liquidate the Israeli Deversoir pocket. What will be the American attitude?"

"I know you're ready for it; I knew it before I came to see you," Kissinger answered. "I asked the Pentagon for a few aerial photographs of the battlefield and received a full report. Your wall of rockets

consists of so many batteries (he specified the number), you have 800 tanks surrounding the Israeli Deversoir pocket. The number of your guns is (again he specified it) and you can actually wipe out that pocket. You must know, however, that if you do this the Pentagon will strike at you."

"Ah!" I said. "That is the question. What would the U.S. attitude be?"

"The Pentagon will strike at you," he reiterated. "The Pentagon will strike you for one reason. Soviet weapons have once before defeated U.S. weapons and, in accordance with our global strategy, we can't allow it to happen again." And Kissinger went on to say: "Do you know, when you created an international crisis, when you asked the two superpowers to come in and get the forces back to the cease-fire lines of Oct. 22, otherwise, you threatened, you'd do it yourself provided the Pentagon didn't stand against you—do you know what sort of plan the Pentagon laid down at the time? We planned to land in your country, in Sinai, if the Russians landed west of the Canal, to finish you off. Our aim was to show you that the Russians were unreliable, and so we'd have dealt you a blow that actually hit the Russians! We're in the same situation today. If you attempt to liquidate the Israeli pocket, the Pentagon will strike at you because this is U.S. policy." Besides, the Pentagon wants to avenge the defeat of its weapons in October. But do you insist on a military liquidation of the infiltrating forces?"

"Not at all," I said swiftly. "You know I am a man of peace. If you had accepted my 1971 Initiative [when Sadat proposed negotiations with Israel, no war would have broken out at all. I care very much for human life, and am loath to losing one soldier, not to mention an officer. But you didn't take me seriously—and this is the outcome."

"Well, just as we embarked on a Peace Process, let us have a forced disengagement which would peacefully put an end to this counterattacking."

Kissinger asked me on the same day whether I was willing to go to Geneva for talks later in December 1973. I said I was planning to be there.

On Dec. 24 I convened a meeting of the commanders of all corps, armies, and divisions. The plan laid down to liquidate the Deversoir pocket was discussed for over seven hours, and I endorsed it. A commander was appointed to carry it out—General Saad Mamun, who is governor of Cairo at present.

In January 1974 Kissinger arrived [in Aswan] and the first disengagement of forces agreement was signed. The United States had played the role of mediator between us and Israel.

In negotiating the Aswan agreement I had only one thing to focus on. I didn't want more than to maintain the real magnitude of my victory on the ground. I didn't bother about the Israeli Deversoir pocket because I knew that they were my prisoners on the West Bank [of the Canal] and that their presence there meant their death. On the basis of defining and maintaining the real magnitude of my territorial victory, agreement was reached. Yet I was still in great mental anguish, because all the powers wanted to negate my victory. The United States certainly wanted to discount it, and the Soviet Union to put an end to it because Syria had suffered a setback in spite of the presence of Soviet military experts and I had a victory in spite of the expulsion of Soviet military experts. And Israel, of course, wanted to undo our victory.

Such attempts did not in themselves worry me. But I wanted my victory to be maintained because I regarded it as the avenue to the just peace for which I had worked unceasingly.

* Defense Department officials deny that there were contingency plans for direct U.S. military intervention in the October War.



Special Section

On Oct. 16, 1973, when the war was ten days old and my victory was a fact which stunned the whole world, I made a speech at the People's Assembly in which I declared my willingness to go to Geneva. Let Israel withdraw from the Arab territories occupied in 1967 and let us meet in Geneva to draw up a peace agreement. At the time I could have hit the "depth" of Israel—and Israel knew I had weapons capable of this. Any man in my position would have done this even if merely in retaliation for three previous Israeli wars; but I didn't, because I am all for peace. Proceeding from the same principle I opted for a peaceful liquidation of the "Deversoir pocket."

Kissinger arrived in January 1974, and kept shuttling between Aswan and Tel-Aviv. But at length he came to me and said: "It seems, unfortunately, that we have reached a dead end. In Tel-Aviv they are reluctant to reach an understanding."

"Well," I replied, "it is you—the Americans—turn now. You should come in and iron out a solution yourselves."

"Would you accept an American proposal?"

"Certainly. I am willing to receive it, study it, and reply to it."

I did receive the American proposal, which Israel received at the same time. Having agreed on the first disengagement of forces on the Egyptian front, we embarked on a new stage—the second stage in the Peace Process. And here I must reiterate that no one else except the United States can play this role, namely that of mediator between two sides that harbor intense hate for one another—a gulf of bad blood, violence, and massacres. The United States did not impose the first disengagement agreement; she intervened to achieve a breakthrough and overcome the apparent impasse. The heading of the first disengagement document reads: American Proposal. Hence my assertion that the United States holds 99% of the cards in this game. And I shall go on saying this, even if it angers the others, namely the Soviet agents and the Soviets themselves.

America and Middle East Peace

Sadat concludes his autobiography with a brief account of his "sacred mission" to Jerusalem last November and his reflections on the U.S. role in bringing peace to the Middle East.

When I went to see Mr. Carter shortly after his election as President of the United States, I reviewed with him all the stages that had been completed and submitted a definite peace strategy to him. I don't believe Israel is capable of, or willing to, produce a peace strategy similar to, or even faintly resembling, mine.

I do not deny the State of Israel's right to be recognized by all countries of the region, provided that the whole situation is normalized. I told President Carter that Israel should be given all the guarantees she wants. If she wanted to have every Israeli citizen armed with a tank and an aircraft, and got such armaments from the United States, we would not object—provided, of course, that those weapons were used within her own, not other people's territory. We would never object to anything Israel wants, whether from the United States, the Soviet Union, or the UN Security Council, and in any form she wants—whether it is a United Nations force to police the borders; demilitarized zones on a reciprocal basis; or a common defense pact with the United States.

I believe it is only right and fair that each guarantee Israel gets, we the Arabs should also get—except one thing. For if Israel chooses to conclude a common defense pact with the United States, I shall not call for a similar one. I shan't call for such a pact to be concluded between me and the United States, the Soviet Union, or any other power. We are a nonaligned country and will continue to be so. Our will is ours, and ours alone.

I spelled it out clearly to Carter and emphasized that today we are as willing for peace as we were when, in 1971, I first pro-



nounced my Peace Initiative—even more so. I also emphasized that I am willing to comply with all the provisions of Security Council Resolution 242, provided that Israel does the same. We cannot have any bargaining over the rights of the Palestinian people or over one inch of the Arab territories seized in 1967. Only thus can a permanent and just peace be achieved.

What is Israel's reaction to all this?

We are all aware of the Security Theory advocated by [David] Ben-Gurion which constituted a basis for the establishment of the State of Israel. It says openly that peace should be imposed on the Arabs by force of arms. While in the White House I told Carter "Peace cannot be imposed. If imposed, it will cease to be peace inasmuch as one party thus dictates its terms to the other, Israel." I went on, "has not so far succeeded in dictating her terms in spite of our terrible 1967 defeat. And we, in spite of our victory in 1973, have not been able to dictate our terms to Israel. The idea of imposing peace and secure borders should therefore be discarded."

The nature of the peace which Israel today says she wants to secure is nothing in effect but a new attempt to thwart the establishment of peace—a ruse to help her gain time so as to impose a *fait accompli*, in the short term by having Israeli settlements established on the occupied Arab land (which she does at present) and in the long term by resolving the current conflict between American and Israeli interests when, in the fullness of time, the energy crisis is itself resolved.

Here I would like the reader to compare the Arab and Israeli positions with regard to U.S. interests. I'd say 99% of U.S. interests in the Middle East are in Arab countries. We are friends; and we want to continue to be the friends of the United States. We safeguard her interests, and all we ask is that the United States should not support Israeli expansionism and aggression. We do not call on the United States to throw Israel into the sea or even to break her special relations with the State of Israel.

Let America give Israel whatever she wants, provided she remains content with her borders. This will never affect our relationship with the United States in any way. We, as her friends, care about her interests. An example to hand is our decision to lift the oil embargo when we realized it began to affect the interests of the American people.

This is the opposite of what Israel does and has done over the years. Although firm and vital—and described as "special"—Israel's relationship with the United States never prevented her from sacrificing American interests to serve her own ambitious and expansionist plans. This is a fact that the whole world has recently realized, and I hope America has adequately realized it too. I believe that the United States has a big responsibility, not only as a superpower that should promote the establishment of peace in this region but also toward herself and her interests in this important part of the world. All we ask of the United States is that she should, in drawing up her policy in that respect, think purely in American terms and endeavor to serve the interests of the American people. I do hope American readers will take no offense at this, for the United States has often allowed her policies to be determined by Israel, especially in Johnson's day. We were then told that the United States could not do anything and that it was up to us to seek an understanding, if we wanted, with Israel. As we knew Israel's line of thinking and her arrogance only too well, we realized that such an attitude meant that America shirked her peace responsibility as a superpower, that she shirked, in effect, her responsibility for peace.

I hope this won't be repeated. Now that I have met President Carter, I feel confident that he will shoulder his responsibility as the President of the greatest country in the world.

I believe that he will continue the Peace Process which we started together and which I hope will be completed in Geneva.

One last thing remains to be said to the American people: We are ready for peace. We want it and welcome it. ■

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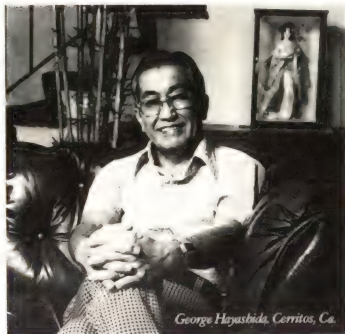
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"82 years ago, my parents left Japan to find a new life. Last month, I went back to see what the old one was like."



George Hayashida, Cerritos, Ca.

In 1895, when Takematsu Hayashida left Japan for a new life in America, he promised everybody he'd be back.

82 years later, his son George kept that promise.

"Last year, my wife Ruth (Japanese name: Asako) and I got the chance to go. And took it.

"There's a funny feeling you get: a slight chill it is as you come over Tokyo

Bay and approach your father's homeland.

"I thought of him and the courage it must have taken to pull up roots, cross an ocean, and begin life in a place where he knew neither the language nor the customs.

"Strangely for me who has become so Americanized (Dodger and Rams fan, two sons in the service), I wasn't uncomfortable.

"Our Japanese gave us away as nisei and the people seemed as interested in us and our life in America as we were in them and their life in Japan. (They seemed especially proud of the latest restaurant in Tokyo, McDonald's.)

"When we left after two weeks, we promised ourselves, as my father did, that we'd come back."

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Show Business

Seeking Planets That Do Not Exist

The new German cinema is the liveliest in Europe

In the '40s it was the Italians and neo-realism. British comedies made the world laugh in the '50s, and the '60s saw the crest of the French New Wave. But as far as foreign films are concerned, the '70s belong to the Germans. With little encouragement, less money and no older hands to guide them, a few extraordinary young directors have given birth to a phoenix—the brilliant German cinema of Fritz Lang and Ernst Lubitsch that Hitler consigned to ashes 45 years ago. "We had nothing, and we started with nothing," says Rainer Werner Fassbinder, who at 31, with 33 films to his credit, is probably the most prolific film maker alive. "For a generation nobody made important films in Germany. Until us."

The achievement is remarkable: the Germans are now producing the most original films outside America. Their very lack of experience, otherwise a handicap, is a spur to creativity. They are ignorant of what they are not supposed to do, and they look at movies with the same fresh and vigorous eyes that the pioneers did 50 and 60 years ago.

Their boldness sometimes causes them to stumble and make mistakes that more sophisticated directors would laugh at. But more often it produces exciting new visions, unexpected perspectives, a world in which the sun rises in the west and spring follows summer. "We are surrounded by worn-out images, and we deserve new ones," says Werner Herzog, 35, who, with Fassbinder, is a leader of the group. "I see something on the horizon that most people have not yet seen. I seek planets that do not exist and landscapes that have only been dreamed."

In pursuit of those images, Herzog has made one film in which the actors were

hypnotized, another in which all the actors were dwarfs, and a third in which the leading character, an old woman, was both deaf and blind. His best work, *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* (1972), might serve as a metaphor for the whole German school. Aguirre, a Spanish conquistador played by Klaus Kinski, revolts against the crown and attempts to build a new empire in the jungles of Peru. The film, a kaleidoscope of the fabulous and the bizarre, would be noteworthy even if it stopped after the first riveting scene: 50 or so Spaniards, in armor and heavy battle gear, slowly descending a steep jungle hillside, a rivulet of quicksilver melting into nature's green vastness.

Fassbinder dares in different but equally bold ways. Instead of seeking stories in the strange and the exotic, he finds the strange and exotic in stories he knows.



Rainer Werner Fassbinder (above) and scenes from *Despair*, with Dirk Bogarde and Andrea Ferreol (right)

In one of his finest films, *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* (1972), he evokes intense drama out of what would seem to be a supremely undramatic situation: three lesbians enclosed in a small, claustrophobic apartment who do nothing but talk, talk, talk.

Led by these two young visionaries, the new German wave—*Die Neue Welle*—has emerged with astonishing speed and surprise. At the beginning of the decade, the Germans were producing virtually nothing but soft-core pornography and sentimental sludge called *Heimatfilmen* (literally, homeland films). Few of their movies were ever seen outside Germany, and as recently as 1971 the *New York Times* thought that the lack of news in German films was news in itself. "The persistently dismal situation of German film art is unique," said the *Times*. "A listing of new films comprises a greater proportion of trash than anywhere else."

In fact the wave was already breaking. Fassbinder, who shoots a movie in the time it takes most directors to set up their cameras, had already made ten films, and Herzog four. The critical time lag was perhaps excusable; the Germans themselves have often seemed unaware that, helped by small government subsidies, their national cinema had returned to life. "Until recently Germans did not have the confidence to speak out," says Volker Schlöndorff, 38, whose 1966 film *Young Törless* started *Die Neue Welle*.

Americans were first exposed to the movement in 1972, when the Museum of Modern Art presented a series of new German films in Manhattan. Though New Yorker Films, a leading distributor of foreign movies, began showing them soon afterward, it was only in 1976 that there was any kind of breakthrough. The New Yorker Theater on upper Broadway began holding Fassbinder festivals, and local critics announced the arrival of a major new director. At the same time,



Show Business



Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz talking intensely in *The American Friend*

A Disneyland called Munich and fresh eyes in a world in which the sun rises in the west and spring follows summer.



Film Director Wim Wenders

Herzog was becoming a cult director among U.S. college students, who were captivated by his lush symbolism and his stories of heroic, mystical quests. Herzog is still more popular on the college circuit and in the art houses than is Fassbinder, who has yet to find much commercial acceptance outside Manhattan.

During the recurring Fassbinder festivals, there are New Yorkers who for weeks at a time fill their nights with nothing but his films. Wim Wenders, another of the movement's leaders, made his own U.S. breakthrough last fall with a slick, existential thriller called *The American Friend*. Starring Dennis Hopper, the movie is fascinating but unsatisfying, with the most complicated and puzzling plot since Howard Hawks' *The Big Sleep*. It is perhaps a tantalizing harbinger of major work to come.

The other German directors are even less well known in the U.S. The films of Alexander Kluge, 46, and Schlöndorff (who has co-directed many of his movies with his Actress Wife Margarethe von Trotta) are shown periodically to respectful and occasionally enthusiastic reviews. So far neither man has demonstrated the extravagant talents of Herzog and Fassbinder, however, or even the clear potential of Wenders. Others, like Jean-Marie Straub and Reinhard Hauff, have yet to make any impact at all in the U.S.

Some of the young directors live in Berlin, where the great movies of the past were made. But most have gravitated toward Munich, which has a long history of artistic patronage, not to mention the finest beer brewed anywhere. "Munich is like a pleasant afternoon," explains Kluge, the *doyen* of the film tribe. "It's a fun city, a Disneyland." An added attraction is the technical facilities of the established film industry. Because of Ger-

man tax shelters, major Hollywood movies, like *Twilight's Last Gleaming* and *Cross of Iron*, are often made in Munich studios.

Oddly enough, in a city of almost mandatory friendliness, there is no Munich equivalent of the Malibu colony, and there are no Irving Lazars or Sue Mengers to press the flesh at luaus around the pool. Instead, the directors tend to form friendly, but distinct factions. "Wenders is the guru of the Munich sensitivities," says Schlöndorff, only half-jokingly. "He and his followers shy away from politics. Fassbinder is the Puccini faction. He can make any kind of movie you ask. Herzog is also a one-man faction, of the existential school of Heidegger." When Ingmar Bergman moved to Munich in 1976, the young Germans thought that he might become their spiritual leader. Instead, the first week he

Director Werner Herzog



was seen sitting with Franz Josef Strauss, a former Defense Minister and a leading right-wing politician. "It was a bit of a disappointment," says Wenders.

Most of the directors live in separate parts of Munich, and when they do meet, it is only by accident. "When I see Fassbinder, I say something like 'I like what you're wearing,'" says Herzog. "After that I don't know what to say. We always feel too embarrassed to speak."

No wonder. Except for their talent, the two have nothing at all in common. Herzog, a man with a sad, drooping mustache and basset-hound eyes that seem to make him irresistible to women, is a fanatic, a man with a mission. "I don't think that there exists a world for him outside of his own angle of vision," says Munich critic Florian Hopf. "There's a wonderful Latin word for someone who creates everything: *demiurge*. Herzog is a demiurge."

Test mind and body. Herzog will suddenly tie a pack on his back, say goodbye to his wife and children, and go walking. A few years ago his feet took him from Munich to Paris, a distance of 500 miles. When he is not walking, he is usually in flight, scouting locations or merely visiting for a few hours in New York or Peru. "I am still looking for a dignified place for men to live," he explains. "It is an impossible search for a place that perhaps only exists in my dreams." Wistfully he adds: "My heart is very close to the late Middle Ages."

It is hard to imagine Fassbinder, by contrast, very far from the pavements of a modern city, whether it be Munich, Berlin or New York, his favorite place. Though he dresses in dirty jeans and a leather jacket, and looks like a Hell's Angel, Fassbinder-

Show Business

er is rigidly disciplined. Since he finished his first film in 1969, he has turned out, on average, one full-length movie every three months. "I want to build a house with my films," he says. "Some of them are the cellar, some are the walls, and some are the windows. But I hope in the end there will be a house."

Fassbinder is a homosexual, and some of his films, like *Petra von Kant* and *Fox and His Friends*, have homosexual themes. Even in those, however, his concern is not really homosexuality, but power, its uses and abuses. His movies assert that in any relationship, personal or political, there will be the oppressor and the oppressed. But the worst tyrant of all is love. Says he: "Love is the best, most insidious, most effective instrument of social repression."

The story of *Petra von Kant* is the enslavement of love. Petra, a dynamic dress designer played by the wonderful Margit Carstensen, dominates all around her until she falls in love with a younger woman (Hanna Schygulla). Her young lover soon rules her, and poor Petra is literally sent to her sickbed. Only when she falls out of love is her fever broken. Critics have speculated that the trusting, innocent title character of *Fox and His Friends* is Fassbinder's portrait of himself, particularly since Fassbinder, who is also a talented actor, played the part. His friends, however, know that the dominating-dominated Petra von Kant comes closest to autobiography. "I once asked Fassbinder why he works so hard," says Hopf. "To escape the loneliness," he answered."

Dirk Bogarde is the star of Fassbinder's newest, yet unreleased film *Despair*, an adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's novel. Though he has worked on more than 30 pictures, he says flatly that working with Fassbinder was "the most enjoyable experience I've ever had in the movies." Director and star understood one another instinctively. "Rainer and Tom Stoppard, the scriptwriter, came down to my house in the south of France to talk about the film," says Bogarde. "After four minutes we knew that we would get along, and I said that I didn't see any need to talk about it further. He then took a pile of motor magazines and went out to sit on the terrace."

Wenders, shy and bespectacled, lives in a house in the suburbs with Lisa Kreuzer, one of the leads of *The American Friend*. There he has surrounded himself with Americana—a jukebox, gadgets of all kinds and, bizarre as it may seem for a Münchner, a collection of Coors beer cans. Kluge, a practicing lawyer, is an intellectual from an older German tradition, and ideas cascade from

his mouth, almost drowning those who are not used to swimming in such icy waters. He abjures possessions and sleeps only an hour or so at a time, waking constantly to continue his work. Only Schlöndorff and Von Trotta, who live in a pleasant walk-up in one of Munich's oldest quarters, maintain what might be regarded as a normal life.

Unlike most film makers in Europe, the Germans are still fascinated by America. Herzog set most of his recent *Strazek* in northern Wisconsin, with three ill-assorted Germans unsuccessfully trying to adjust to the good life, American-style. Fassbinder titled one of his movies *The American Soldier*, and American characters wander in and out of several

has worked with him, as well as with Herzog and Fassbinder. Despite the confusions of plot, *The American Friend* is beautiful to look at, without once falling into the stereotypes of the merely decorative. Paris, for instance, is not the Eiffel Tower, but the sleek corridors of the Metro. Manhattan is not the Empire State Building, but the dramatic vista of the abandoned West Side Highway. Wenders is now going completely American. This week he is going to San Francisco, where, with Francis Ford Coppola producing, he will film the fictionalized life of Writer Dashiell Hammett.

An era, perhaps by definition, becomes recognized only when it is ending, and there are signs that even as it nears its zenith, the German movement may be approaching its conclusion. Not only is Wenders decamping for America, but next year Herzog is hoping to make his first big international film, with Jack Nicholson. Set, like *Aguirre*, in the jungles of Peru, *Fitzcarraldo*, as it will be called, is planned as a saga of the South American rubber boom at the turn of the century. For his part, Fassbinder constantly talks about moving to New York, but so far he has done nothing about it.

Most of the directors are pessimistic about West Germany's political future. They believe, with varying degrees of alarm, that Germany, frightened of terrorists, is moving into a repressive stage hostile to creative film making. "Schlöndorff and I are sick every time we come back from New York or Paris," says Von Trotta. "Being away we had a breath of fresh air, and then we are shut in again." Schlöndorff adds: "The danger has nothing to do with Nazism. It is rather of a new form of fascism like the one seen by Orwell, totally data-controlled."

A permanent move to America is unlikely, however. Wenders says he plans to return when Hammett is finished, and Herzog, that most rugged of rugged individualists, will make German films wherever he is. Fassbinder, much as he longs to live in Manhattan, cannot escape the destiny that has made him not only German, but a distinct kind of German, the Bavarian. "The new German directors are like airplanes always circling the airport but never landing," says the philosophical Kluge. "Fassbinder may go to America. But he will crash and come back."

Those who love their movies can only wish him and his comrades an easy landing and a safe passage home. It is, as Herzog says, "difficult to be German and to have our historical background." Perhaps. But out of that background have come some of the most exciting films of the decade.

—Gerald Clarke



Klaus Kinski and Cecilia Rivera in *Aguirre*

Discarding worn images and longing for the Middle Ages.

others; the major influence on his work was Douglas Sirk, the director of such Hollywood glossies as *Magnificent Obsession* and *Imitation of Life*. Like Sirk, Fassbinder loves melodrama and favors highly stylized camera compositions, characters endlessly reflected in mirrors or seen from odd, striking angles.

Wenders is the most Americanized of the lot. "All of my films have as their underlying current the Americanization of Germany," he says. "I saw the German films of the '30s, for instance, only after having seen a thousand American films. I see my own films as American movies, even though they don't tell American stories." The only director who attended film school, Wenders is the most visual of the group, says Edward Lachman, 32, an American cameraman who

Time Essay

What's Behind the Dollar Debacle

Five years have now passed since the world's major industrial nations abandoned fixed exchange rates for the dollar, and the warnings of Cassandras that the end result could be global currency chaos seem uncomfortably close to coming true. Scarcely a week goes by without the once mighty greenback reeling from a fresh thrashing on the money markets; and when it does steady, as it did in Europe last week (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*), no one can trust the stability to last. Though the effects of this beating remain of only peripheral concern to most Americans—unless they travel abroad—the dollar's travails are deeply alarming the U.S.'s allies and trading partners.

While many Americans often view the dollar only as their own national currency, it is also the principal trading and reserve currency for the rest of the world. What the U.S. does or does not do with the dollar affects every country on earth, and Washington's mismanagement of its money has lately begun to seem more and more like a script filled with dire trouble for everyone.

The perils start with the possibility of protectionist measures being taken by nations seeking to isolate themselves from the effects of monetary instability. Then come the threats of a breakdown of world trade—caused partly by protectionism, partly by uncertainty about what exchange rates will be the next day or even the next hour—followed by a speedup in global inflation and, finally, international recession. Relations between Washington and its two most important economic allies, West Germany and Japan, both of which are crucially dependent on exports for economic growth, have already deteriorated alarmingly. But doomsday is not inevitable. For more than three decades the world has looked to Washington for economic leadership, and now it is begging for it—almost desperately. There is no time to lose.

The immediate problem is that there are just too many dollars in foreign hands. Last year the U.S. spent an estimated \$19.5 billion more than it received in all "current account" transactions (trade in goods and services, tourist outlays, weapons exports) with foreigners, an abrupt turnaround from two years earlier, when the U.S. racked up a towering \$11.6 billion surplus, caused in part by a drop in imports during the recession. The massive swing back into deficit, which began early in 1976 and has accelerated ever since, has added to a pile of dollars owed outside the U.S. that is estimated to total anywhere from \$300 billion to \$400 billion.

The deeper problem, however, is a loss of worldwide confidence that the U.S. knows how, or even wants, to manage its economy in such a way as to give those dollars any lasting value. That confidence has been eroding for more than a decade now, and restoring it will be no easy matter.

The Carter Administration has not even begun. Instead, its words and actions so far have merely accelerated the erosion of confidence. In the early months of the Administration, Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal actually tried to talk the then overvalued dollar down, in the hope that a decline in its value would help U.S. exports by making them cheaper. He reaped a

phenomenal harvest of bitterness among U.S. allies, who feared damage to their own economies as a result. In West Germany, for example, current mordant humor invokes the World War II Morgenthau Plan to have occupying armies dismantle German industry and turn the nation into an agrarian country; that plan, Germans say, has been reborn as the Blumenthal Plan to accomplish the same result by monetary manipulation.

Lately Washington has begun expressing concern, but most of the Administration's utterances picture the dollar drama as a self-correcting problem. Earlier this month, for example, President Carter patronizingly remarked at a press conference that the slide would stop once money traders realized that the dollar is now cheap enough to make investment in the U.S. attractive.

What he failed to point out then—and in a similar statement at last week's press conference—is that if all those billions in greenbacks now tucked away in foreign hands began circulating through the U.S. economy, inflation could shoot through the roof.

Administration officials also have sent out weak and wavering signals on how far the U.S. is prepared to go in buying unwanted dollars to prop up their price. Washington grudgingly announced in January that it would begin some support buying, touching off an explosive but momentary dollar rally. However, the U.S. has stressed that it intends only to prevent "disorderly" trading, implying to currency dealers that it is still ready to let the dollar sink provided the decline is gradual. Last week the New York Federal Reserve Bank announced that from November through January the U.S. Treasury had spent \$1.5 billion in foreign currency on purchases designed to bolster the dollar—a record sum, but too little to steady the dollar or keep markets orderly. Small wonder that foreigners are confused. Says West Germany's influential *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*: "What the Americans do with—or let happen to—the dollar is incomprehensible to Europeans. It is, of course, the dollar of the Americans. But it is also the dollar of all of us. People feel left in the lurch by America, the great and admired leading power."

Washington's befuddled statements about the dollar are only part of the trouble. More at issue is how well the U.S. is adjusting to a changed world economy. Oil is the test case. For Americans, it is temptingly easy to blame all the dollar's problems on the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, and the arithmetic is irrefutable. If OPEC had not quintupled oil prices beginning in 1973, the U.S. would not now be paying almost \$45 billion a year for imported petroleum; if the oil bill were smaller, the country would not be running a trade deficit of nearly \$30 billion a year. There would be fewer dollars for sale on currency exchanges, and the dollar's value would be considerably higher. Unfortunately, the making that argument is about as useful as ruminating on how much easier it would be to negotiate with the Soviet Union if it were not ruled by Communists. The fact is that the U.S. is now living in a world of expensive fuel, and doing nothing effective either to conserve energy or to

THE DEEPENING DEFICIT

U.S. current account balance in billions of dollars



increase domestic energy output. To foreigners, who are saving energy through higher gasoline prices and self-imposed limitations on oil imports, the U.S. seems determined to consume as much foreign oil as its wasteful habits dictate, whatever the effects on the dollar or its own economy.

There are other tests. Foreign nations once looked to the U.S. as the example of a powerful economy that could grow without serious inflation, a feat attained by few countries. The fact that double-digit inflation could hit the U.S. too, as it did in 1974-75, came as a shock abroad as well as at home. Now overseas observers see the U.S. bragging that its economy is growing at one of the fastest rates in the industrial world, yet whining fearfully that inflation is likely to result. The spectacle is compounded by the nation's refusal either to cut its \$61 billion budget deficit (despite Jimmy Carter's pledge to do so) or to institute a tough wage-price policy to cope with the inflation threat.

Worst of all, this picture of a self-indulgent America, blind to the consequences of its economic management, has been steadily hardening since the late 1960s. Until then, the non-Communist world had lived fairly comfortably with a system of currency exchange rates pegged to the dollar, whose value was fixed in gold (at \$35 per oz., a price that seems ridiculous today). That system might not have lasted in any case, even in the early 1960s there were worries about American balance of payments deficits and an outflow of gold from the U.S. But Lyndon Johnson put an intolerable strain on the system by fighting a war in Viet Nam without raising taxes early on or cutting domestic spending to pay for it. That policy spurred inflation at home, sucked in imports from abroad, and sent dollars pouring overseas by the billions. Under the rules that then applied, foreign central banks had to buy up any greenbacks that private traders did not want, and this merely spread the inflation disease to the U.S.'s trading partners. Governments everywhere screamed that the U.S. was forcing them to pay indirectly the inflationary price of financing a war that they abhorred, but Washington ignored them.

By 1971 the U.S. could no longer maintain the tottering system, so the Nixon Administration abruptly announced that it would stop redeeming dollars for gold. That left U.S. allies stuck with dollars that were worth only what they would bring on the exchange markets. Two formal dollar devaluations followed, and eventually, five years ago this month, fixed exchange rates were dumped. Throughout this process, the U.S. seemed complacent, even proud. John Connally, who was Treasury Secretary when the gold window slammed shut, boasted that he had acquired a reputation as "a sort of bullyboy on the manicured playing fields of international finance." Nixon's own attitude was immortalized by a casual comment on a Watergate tape: "I don't give a shit about the [Italian] lira."

Though it is obviously unfair to tax the Carter Administration with the sins of its predecessors, there is no escaping the legacy. That legacy is, in fact, a large part of the reason that the transatlantic debate over the dollar has turned into a dialogue of the deaf. Since early last year, Washington has been urging Bonn to expand its economy and bring its growth rate up to the U.S. level. If West Germany did that, its trade surplus would shrink and the deutsche mark would cease its inexorable rise against the dollar. When Administration officials charge that West Germany's refusal to cooperate really amounts to an effort to have things both ways, they have a point. By refusing to pump up its economy, and choosing instead to keep its factories humming as a result of demand from the U.S., Bonn has copped a free ride out of the 1974-75 global recession, and avoided the inflationary risks inherent in stimulating West Germany's own domestic demand.

But Washington's efforts to get Bonn to change its mind and begin sharing some of the burdens of growth have been rendered counterproductive by the way the Carter Administration has wielded the dollar as if it were some sort of international shill-legh. That attitude has merely aroused suspicions in Bonn that Washington is once again trying to push its own inflation off on its friends. Says William Pfaff, associate director of the Hudson Institute Europe consulting firm in Paris: "There is a feeling in Europe that Washington is interested in Europe when it wants something from Europe, and that otherwise Washington has its own problems and doesn't care much." Geneva Banker Nicolas Krul adds: "What we see is a key country simply giving up its role of economic leadership and mismanaging the world's most important reserve currency."

Faced with this unhappy history, what can the Carter Administration do now? The first essential is to have a coherent energy program enacted, and quickly. To that end, the President should make whatever reasonable compromises are necessary to get his energy bill through Congress, even in truncated form (the bill has been in Congress eleven months). He should also let it be known that he is seriously considering supplemental measures—slapping a stiff tariff on imported oil, for example, if consumption does not come down. The damage done by dawdling on energy can hardly be overstated. Asks Chief Economist Hans Math, of Switzerland's Credit Suisse Bank: "What are we to think of a President with a parliamentary majority who cannot get his energy program through Congress?"

The Administration must also put together an anti-inflation program that consists of more than constant disavowals of wage-price controls. What that program should be is a legitimate subject for urgent national debate; the very fact of a debate would reassure foreigners that the U.S. is not content just to hope that inflation will go away. Further, Carter might appoint a task force to study ways of increasing U.S. exports, and thus shoring the trade deficit, without trusting to a sinking dollar to do the job. Another useful step would be to ditch the provision of Carter's tax "reform" plan that calls in effect for higher levies on export profits.

Finally, the U.S. should announce, and carry out, a program of aggressively buying up dollars, borrowing all the foreign currency it can from central banks to make the purchases. Such intervention alone would not shore up the dollar for long; it would succeed only if backstopped by effective energy and anti-inflation policies. But it probably is essential to break the psychology of fear that has gripped exchange markets.

Restoring confidence in the dollar will be a long process, but it must be started. Washington's handling of its role as the world's central banker is a matter of both substance and style, and for too long the U.S. has paid only passing attention to how the rest of the world sees its actions from either perspective. The perils of the U.S.'s ignoring its responsibilities go beyond economic stability, vital as that is. Just as war is too important to be left to generals, international finance has become too essential to be entrusted to money traders. If the U.S. cannot develop effective policies to pursue for the health of the world economy, or its own self-interest, can it be trusted as the leader of a Western military or political alliance? Fortunately, no one is yet asking that fundamental question, and Washington had better make sure it does not come up. Today, as always, the American dollar remains the worldwide symbol of the U.S. itself, if the currency is weak and friendless, the nation eventually will be too.

—Christopher Byron



"Sorry, your uncle left nothing of value, only U.S. dollars."



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Case in point: the much-heralded Ford Fiesta only has two-thirds as much trunk space as the Rabbit. And it stops slower and runs noisier than the Rabbit.

Even the grandiose Cadillac Seville has less trunk space (and less glass area) than the Rabbit.

And, wonder of wonders, Detroit's newest wonder car, the Ford Fairmont, automatic — takes 11.4 seconds to go from 0 to 50mph. The standard Rabbit makes it in 8.3 seconds.

One of these years, Detroit car-makers may concoct a Rabbit of their very own. But why wait around for their imitation? You can put yourself into a genuine Volkswagen Rabbit this very afternoon.

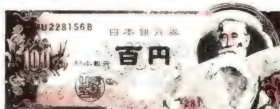
**VOLKSWAGEN
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Economy & Business

Smaller Dollar for a Bigger Yen

Stronger against the mark, but a hard kick in Tokyo



Considering the behavior of currency markets since December, last week had to be counted as one of the dollar's best. After hitting new lows with monotonous regularity, the greenback suddenly rose against the super-strong West German and Swiss currencies, reaching 2.05 deutsche marks and 2.0 Swiss francs, v. lows of 1.98 and 1.75 two weeks ago. The rise accelerated at week's end after President Carter announced that U.S. and German officials have been conferring by telephone about concrete new plans for strengthening the dollar. Carter himself chatted with West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt for 15 minutes. After weeks of disconcerting sniping between Washington and Bonn, the news of renewed cooperation served notice on money traders that the U.S. and West Germany will probably agree on a joint strategy, presumably involving in the initial stage coordinated buying of dollars to support their price against the DMs. Administration officials are putting together a new dollar-support program that could include borrowings from the International Monetary Fund and the sale of U.S. bonds abroad to raise funds required to buy up unwanted dollars on foreign exchanges.

As it was, the upbeat ending came only after a succession of blows that a few months ago would have made the week seem a disastrous one for the dollar. Highlights:

► The dollar plunged to a post-World War II low against the Japanese yen, sinking from 236.90 yen at the start of the week to as little as 233.05 before closing at 234.75. Two years ago, a dollar bought 303 yen. Only heavy buying of unwanted dollars by the Bank of Japan managed to contain the decline.

► The price of gold, that classic refuge of investors who lack confidence in the dollar, soared nearly \$4 per oz. in a single day, one of the largest jumps in postwar history. In London and Zurich, gold hit \$190 per oz., just below the alltime high achieved in December 1974. At week's end, though, it sank back to around \$186.



► OPEC scheduled an early April meeting to discuss raising the price of oil, which has remained frozen for months. Reason to offset the decline in value of the dollars in which OPEC's 13 members are paid for their petroleum Saudi Arabia, OPEC's linchpin, is still opposed to a price boost, but whether it can prevail is becoming less certain. Iraq and Kuwait are among the leading OPEC members who demand a rise in prices and perhaps even an end to the dollar's role as the sole currency in which world oil prices are quoted.

► Robert Strauss, President Carter's chief trade negotiator, warned that the dollar's slide could jeopardize American efforts to achieve deep slashes in tariffs and a reduction in nontariff barriers to trade in talks now going on in Geneva.

Carter, in announcing the U.S.-German consultations, nonetheless expressed his indefatigable optimism about the state of the U.S. dollar. He pointed proudly to a stabilization of U.S. currency against the mark and Swiss franc that had already begun and said that the buck is now "fairly well priced compared to foreign currencies." He forecast no increase in U.S. oil imports this year, which would hold down the surplus of dollars for sale on foreign exchanges. His clear implication was that the U.S. is building a strong defensive system for the dollar in conjunction with its major monetary allies, and that the worst is over.

The initial rebound of the dollar resulted from measures taken by the West German and Swiss governments to halt the rise of their currencies, which hurts their export-dependent economies. After weeks of heavy purchases of dollars, the West German central bank finally succeeded in arresting the decline of greenbacks against the high-flying mark and even managed to raise the battered dollar to a more reasonable exchange rate.

Switzerland, traditional safe citadel for flight capital from all over the world, two weeks ago in effect slammed shut its bank vaults to foreigners. Among other things, it ordered banks to charge foreigners 40% a year "negative interest" for the privilege of keeping deposits in Swiss francs and forbade purchase of Swiss stocks and bonds by nonresidents. At first the moves had little effect, but by last week they were beginning to show results.

Far from restoring confidence in the dollar, the German and Swiss measures have merely shifted the speculative play into the yen and gold, which underwent wild gyrations. For the first four days of last week, dollar bears poured more greenbacks into the Tokyo market than the Bank of Japan could buy—even though it intervened with big purchases. Japanese Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda expressed concern that the disruptive rise of the yen would thwart his efforts to accelerate the growth of the Japanese economy.

The Fukuda government, however, is also drawing up stand-by plans for currency controls, as are the West Germans, who vowed they would turn to them only as a last resort. Imposing controls would be a step back from free international movement of goods and investment money and is an indication of the economic disruption that could occur if the strength of the dollar proved to be illusory. ■

Economy & Business

A Lack of U.S. Salesmanship?

Japanese buying mission seeks U.S. imports

American businessmen have long been enraged and frustrated by what they consider a one-sided Japanese attitude on trade. While exporting furiously, the Japanese have put imported products through a thicket of protective tariffs and a maze of nontariff barriers ranging from quotas to stringent labeling requirements. One result: a GE refrigerator sells for \$2,075 in Tokyo, compared with \$1,289 in New York City. Little wonder, then, that many U.S. companies saw no point in even trying to crack the Japanese market.

There are some signs, though, that tough behind-the-scenes talk by officials of the Carter Administration is starting to bring change. At American urging, Tokyo this month dispatched a 91-man delegation of corporate and government officials to tour the U.S., actively seeking, and signing orders for, more imports. Last week the mission fanned out from San Francisco to a score of cities to talk up a new liberalism in trade. In a flight of wish-it-were-true hyperbole, Delegation Chief Yoshizo Ikeda, president of Mitsui, the giant trading company, told a gathering in Atlanta that his country is "removing import quotas, slashing tariffs and streamlining import procedures in order to make Japan, this year, the least protected market of all the great trading powers, including the U.S."

The barnstorming buyers ran into two trade barriers of another sort: culture *shokku* and a lack of aggressive salesmanship by some of the Americans they met. In Atlanta, Keigo Yamada, executive managing director of Ito-Yokado, a chain of discount department stores with an annual sales volume of \$1.3 billion, shied away from a meal of grits and complained that he was meeting the wrong people. Yamada wanted American sportswear modified to suit Japanese tastes and sizes but, he says, was told "that they would have to ask their supervisors in New York." A Mitsubishi buyer offered Jose Lopez of the Atlanta-based Salvatori Corp. \$3 apiece for men's ties that normally sell for \$4.25. The hagglers finally struck a deal at \$3.65.

American salesmen might be pardoned for awaiting proof that the Japanese are really interested in importing. Japan has slashed tariffs this year on 318 items, but the U.S. regards the nontariff barriers as more important. On them, there have been only two small signs of give. Tokyo has liberalized financing terms for imports, and the Ministry of Trade and Industry has ordered a study on how to simplify import documentation and inspection procedures. ■



California couple watches Salinas River wash away broccoli crop

Why Food Prices Are Climbing

With herds down, the consumer's beef will rise

Although food takes a declining share of U.S. family budgets these days, and the Government's consumer price index has been revised to reflect that trend (TIME, March 13), food-price increases are still the most visible and annoying variety of inflation to millions of consumers. Shoppers' beefs will soon get even louder. Last week the Government reported that the February Wholesale Price Index for finished goods, which foreshadows retail prices, jumped at an annual rate of 14%, nearly double the January rise and the biggest monthly leap since November 1974. Food, which did more than anything else to push January consumer-price increases back to a 10% annual rate, propelled the February wholesale surge, climbing 2.9%, the biggest monthly boost in more than three years.

White House economists, perhaps too



Nearly empty cattle pens in Omaha

Fattening prices by feeding convenience

optimistically, expect a food-cost rise of about 6% this year, on top of last year's 8% increase. Beef will lead the parade. Over the past two or three years, high feed costs and drought made cattle raising unprofitable. Beef supplies piled up and prices fell, so ranchers cut back their herds even more.

Since 1975, the nation's herd has shrunk from 132 million to 116 million head, a seven-year low. Cattlemen are now holding their breeders back from markets to rebuild their stock. As a result, beef is becoming scarcer, and this summer the price of hamburger-quality meat is expected to go up by 15% to 20%. Steak cuts may climb 5% to 6%.

Prices for many other foods will also rise. Because of tariffs and fees imposed by the Government, a 5-lb. bag of sugar that cost 95¢ last September now sells for \$1.19, and will probably go higher. The myriad products that use the nation's favorite sweetener will inch up with it. Increased costs for transportation, labor and energy have driven cereal products up 6% in recent months. The price of rice has been puffed up by poor crops around the world: a 10-lb. bag that sold for \$2.03 wholesale in October now costs more than \$3. Torrential rains and floods in California's Salinas Valley, the nation's salad belt, ruined many of the crops already in the ground, and will delay planting of others for up to 60 days. Result: prices of lettuce, broccoli, cauliflower, asparagus and similar produce are certain to move up. Fishermen will raise the price of tuna.

While retail prices climb, farmers complain that the money they collect continues to fall behind rising production costs. Some farmers have been threatening to restrict production severely unless the Government increases crop-support payments, but their much publicized

"strike" so far shows no sign of success.

Farmers protest that they are not responsible for food inflation. Since the early 1950s, they have received only 40¢ to 45¢ of every dollar that the shopper spends for food. Last year farmers collected \$56.5 billion for their products, but it cost an additional \$59 billion for labor—packinghouse workers, store clerks, waiters, *et al.*—to get those products from the farm to the table at home or in restaurants. Operating expenses for food retailers have been rising particularly fast. One major chain, Supermarkets General (Pathmark), expects labor, energy and tax outlays to swell about 10% each. Yet supermarket managers complain that competition is so keen they cannot raise prices fast enough to ease the pinch on profit margins.

The largest boost in prices comes from the middlemen: the processors and distributors. Aggressive advertising and sales drives add dollars to the bill at the check-out counter. The rising costs of transportation and energy are another source of food inflation. Last year \$16 billion was spent just to package food. It is not so much the cost of food itself that is driving prices up, but the consumers' apparently insatiable demand for convenience and variety—and the food companies' zeal to satisfy those appetites. ■

Labor v. Stevens

Union clout hits banks

For 15 years, organized labor has tried everything it could think of to crack J.P. Stevens & Co. Inc., the nation's second largest textile maker and citadel of Sunbelt anti-unionism. It has used direct organizing campaigns, protests to the National Labor Relations Board and the courts, demonstrations at annual meetings of Stevens stockholders and an attempted nationwide boycott of Stevens products. Nothing has worked. Now the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union is trying a new pressure tactic: isolating Stevens from its friends in the business and financial community. Last week it won a victory of sorts by forcing two Stevens representatives off the board of directors of Manufacturers Hanover Trust, the giant New York City bank.

A.C.T.W.U.'s strategy was simple: unions threatened to withdraw more than \$1 billion of funds and deposits from the bank if Stevens men continued to sit on the bank's board. So Stevens Chairman James D. Finley and David W. Mitchell, a Stevens director and chairman of Avon Products Inc., announced that they would get off the board when the bank re-elects

directors next month. Mitchell pleaded the press of other business, but Finley told a different story to reporters attending the Stevens annual meeting (which was moved to Greenville, S.C., apparently to escape the attention of the television networks clustered within blocks of the Stevens Tower in Manhattan). Said an embittered Finley: "I was pressured into leaving by management and various members of the bank's board. I didn't want to stay where I was not wanted."

The sophisticated switch in labor's tactics was coordinated by Ray Rogers, A.C.T.W.U.'s corporate campaign director, who is out to get other financiers to break their links with Stevens. His next goal is to force Mitchell, R. Manning Brown Jr., chairman of New York Life Insurance Co., and E. Virgil Conway, chairman of the Seamen's Bank for Savings in New York, to quit the Stevens board. That may not force Stevens to sign a union contract quickly, but management is under financial as well as personal pressure. The boycott may be telling. Though Stevens' sales have been rising, profits dropped 14% in the past fiscal year, ending in October, and another 7% in the first quarter of fiscal 1978; the stock is selling for about \$14 a share, far below its book value of \$38. ■

Advertising for Trouble

Milk campaign sours blacks, Finnair's crashes

The line between what is tasteful and offensive, humorous and insulting in advertising seems, like the line between treason and righteous rebellion, to be largely a matter of timing. Witness a current ad campaign by the California Milk Advisory Board and an aborted one by Finnair, the Finnish airline. The milk ads, which a few years ago might have seemed merely innocuous, are under fire for alleged sexism and racism; the Finnair ad has been withdrawn because of protests that it made light of a subject of growing concern to fem-

inists, judges and others: wife beating.

The milk ads, in *Mademoiselle* magazine and Western supermarkets, feature a luscious young woman in sportswear, with copy touting both "the milk-white look" in fashion and the virtues of drinking cow juice. Why would that seem unwholesome? Well, to begin with, complains a collection of California and national consumer, women's and black groups, the ads present women as sex objects. Worse, as racist sex objects. In the view of the protesters, the ads imply that only white women are desirable. Says Consumers Union Lawyer Luana Martilla: "The implicit message is that milk-white skin equates with health, beauty and other positive qualities." Counters the milk board's Ted Shields: "The milk-white look is in. It's the 'in' look in fashion this spring. That's all we meant." It is all a bit like crying over spilled milk. The ad series ends this week and will be replaced by one proclaiming, "Time for milk." It will be difficult for anyone to make something out of that.

The Finnair ad, seeking to convince Americans that "great vacations start with flying Finnish," featured a fanciful headline about the invention of the sauna by a Finn who discovered that his wife "loved" being locked in a smokehouse and beaten with birch leaves. Lawyer Karen DeCrow, former president of

the National Organization for Women, conceded in a letter to Finnair North American General Manager Leif Lundstrom that the airline had intended only to be funny—but added that wife beating was no laughing matter, either in Finland or the U.S. If Finnair did not drop the ad, said DeCrow, "we women will have to start our great vacations with one of your competitors." In a nonplused reply, Lundstrom asserted that "we never considered that such a headline would have been taken out of context." Nonetheless, his consciousness presumably raised, he agreed to withdraw the ad. ■

How Vilho Vatanen, the Finn, created the world's first sauna when he locked his wife in the smokehouse, set it on fire, beat her soundly with birch leaves, and discovered she loved it.



Avoiding Those Nasty Tax Audits

Monitor the math, watch the write-offs—or take a low-pay job

A specter is haunting the tens of millions of Americans who are now sitting down to figure out their income taxes for 1977. Of the 88 million people who file income tax returns, more than 2 million will eventually receive a deceptively amiable form letter from the Internal Revenue Service that reads in part: "We are examining your federal income tax return for the above years and find we need additional information." Translation: these taxpayers' returns for 1977—or perhaps as far back as 1975—will be audited. Two out of three of those chosen will be assessed higher taxes, raising a total of \$15 billion in otherwise lost Treasury revenues.

Now, while there is still time, can anything be done to avoid winding up as one of the unlucky 2 million? Yes, check the math on your tax return carefully, make sure you sign form 1040, attach missives to your return explaining any unusual items; and if you turn to a professional for advice, assure yourself that he or she is in good repute with the IRS. Beyond that, make peace with former lovers and other potential enemies, and stay away from Mafia connections that could be reported to the IRS by the FBI. Further, advises IRS Commissioner Jerome Kurtz with a smile, "take a lower-paying job, and use standard deductions."

The IRS computer will select for audit at least 5 million tax returns this year, but the agency lacks the money and manpower to scrutinize all of these. So, as any business would, the IRS concentrates on the 2 million or so returns that seem to offer the greatest potential for "profit." To start, it listens to informers; and if their tips prove to be accurate, can reward them with up to 10% of the extra taxes seized. "Thousands of tips are received every year, and quite a few are generated by a get-even motive," says IRS Spokesman Wilson Fadelly. Jilted lovers, jealous spouses, aggrieved employees, angry (or envious) neighbors and other informants last year collected rewards totaling more than \$360,000 for snitches that produced \$14.9 million in extra taxes. What is more, the IRS always tries to audit the returns of those people fingered by law-enforcement authorities as suspected organized-crime figures.

The taxmen also keep a close eye on press reports of people who have been promoted to high-paying jobs, won lotteries or otherwise struck it rich. A lush lode

for the tax examiners was provided, for example, by a Washington, D.C., newspaper feature on Virginia's new coal millionaires.

Those found guilty of overdeducting in previous years can expect audits, as can those whose returns were prepared by tax advisers suspected of bending the law. Even simple math mistakes or failure to sign the form can trigger an audit, since agents scanning these "problem" returns may spot irregularities.

In addition to all that, the IRS computers this year will select for audit, purely at random, 42,000 returns, or about one in 2,000, in order to develop a statistical profile of all taxpayers. The incomes of

ularly in more than one category of deductions, are courting an audit.

Out of the 88 million returns, the computers will spit out 5 million with "audit potential." At this stage, IRS "screeners" step in to narrow the list to the 2 million that will finally be examined. Returns picked because of large deductions will probably be passed over if the taxpayers have justified similar deductions in previous years' audits. Taxpayers with legitimately large deductions can often avert an audit by attaching supporting documents, such as bills for medical expenses or property losses, and before and after photos. (Warning: send copies because originals can be lost.)

The more one earns, the greater the chance of being audited. Doctors, dentists and lawyers are prime targets, because their incomes are high and not, the IRS insists, because they are suspected of dishonesty. Self-employed people are more likely to come under scrutiny than wage earners, most of whose income is accounted for by employers. The IRS has a special fondness for auditing people who deal in cash, including waiters, taxi drivers and owners of small stores.

Last year, looking at returns for 1976, the IRS audited fewer than one in 100 persons who reported wage incomes of less than \$10,000 and took standard deductions. But it audited more than seven in 100 self-employed persons who reported incomes of \$30,000 and more and who itemized their deductions, and examined more than one in ten self-employed persons with incomes of more than \$50,000.

Even if your number comes up, don't worry, says Kurtz. "There is no stigma attached to being audited." Anyway, a taxpayer who disagrees with an auditor's findings can appeal; first to the IRS group supervisor, then to the agency's appellate division and, higher still, to a U.S. tax court. No figures are available on how many win or lose through appeals; but the costs to appeal are low, and the tax-saving rewards can be great. On the other hand, if you know you have cheated, shut up and pay if the IRS finds deliberate fraud, it can and will assess heavy criminal fines as well as back taxes.

In the end, however, just about anybody can be audited—including IRS Commissioner Kurtz. His own returns, in fact, have been examined six or seven times (he has lost exact count); he became commissioner last June and his latest audit was completed a few months earlier. After one he got a \$40 refund, four or five times there was no change, and once he was hit for an extra \$100. Says he: "I still think I was right on that occasion."



these audited taxpayers will range from the lowest to the highest; anyone is vulnerable. These audits will give the IRS the top-secret norms for deductions against which all returns will be judged.

Computers will then scan every single one of the total 88 million tax returns filed, comparing them all with the norms defined by the random audits. A highly complex computer program, which allows for all sorts of different variables will spot deductions that are above these national norms for each income group and award a series of "points" in a secret grading system. The higher the deductions, relative to income and family size, the larger the number of points; a big score will win an audit. The machine will ping and red-flag a return for audit if, say, it finds a middle-income earner claiming deductions for charity or medical expenses that are way above those of others in the same income bracket. The IRS refuses to reveal the exact norms that it will use this year, but it has given out the figures for 1975. People who go substantially above them, partic-

Art



A garden becomes a fast shuttle of silhouettes in *Arboretum by Flashbulb, 1942*

Stuart Davis: The City Boy's Eye

In Brooklyn, a fresh view of a major American painter

"Stuart Davis: Art and Art Theory," which finishes its run at the Brooklyn Museum this week and will open on April 15 at the Fogg Art Museum in Cambridge, Mass., is an exhilarating show. Davis died 14 years ago, but he is still a quintessentially American artist—the hero of the struggle to be both modernist and American that pervaded the art world in the '20s and '30s. No exhibition of his work has ever done as well by him as this one, organized by Art Historian John R. Lane: 113 paintings and drawings, an excellent catalogue text and, for the first time, a full view of the relationships between theory and practice that lay at the core of Davis' work and enabled him to transcend his provinciality.

Davis loathed American regionalism—Thomas Hart Benton with his buckeye Michelangelo plowboys, Grant Wood's Midwestern Arcadias. "The only corn-fed art that was ever successful was the pre-Columbian," Davis snapped in 1934. His own vision of America as subject was much broader. It took in "wood- and iron-work of the past; Civil War and skyscraper architecture; the brilliant colors on gasoline stations, chain store fronts and taxicabs," as well as "Earl Hines' hot piano and Negro jazz music in general." His desire, he wrote, "is to construct formal souvenirs which are an agreeable emblem" of the "speeds and spaces of the American environment." In its voracious inclusiveness (admitting, as subject, anything American from landscape to 5 and 10¢ store kitchen utensils), Davis' imagination cast long shadows—toward abstract expressionism on one hand, toward Pop and its neon-lit landscape of signs and artifacts on the other.

His work had a categorical, no-nonsense air to it. Davis was a man of marked intellectual energy, and all his transactions as an artist—with subject matter, sources, influences and his constantly ex-

plored ideas on the use of art in the real world—were unwobbling and straightforward. He wanted clear configurations, in theory as in art. His career was almost as long as modernism itself. As a 19-year-old tyro from Philadelphia, he exhibited in the Armory Show in 1913; and he outlived Jackson Pollock by eight years. His early model was cubism—though he did not visit Paris until 1928—and the sight of Davis grappling with the diction of Picasso and Gris, working his way through the lessons with the persistence of a man taking a correspondence course, remains very moving. For a whole year, he painted and repainted an eggbeater, a rubber

glove and an electric fan. His *Eggbeater No. 4, 1927-28*, with its cool interlocking planes of methodically laid color, is one of the robust documents of what Davis himself called, with his usual deadpan wit, "colonial cubism."

But what turned Davis into a complete original was his perception of and enthusiasm for the city. Nothing in French art, other than Léger, resembled Davis' syncopated images of urban life. The blaring posterish color—yellows, scarlets, blacks, emerald greens, a high obtrusive fuchsia—and the writhing knots of line, the words blinking like neon signs, the beat and pulsation of the space: this was visual jazz, American-style, and indeed some of Davis' titles, like *The Mel-low Pad, 1945-51*, were couched in the musicians' argot of the day.

He cleaved, in Baudelaire's phrase, to "the heroism of modern life"; even nature, as in *Arboretum by Flashbulb, 1942*, acquired a sharp inorganic speediness under Davis' city eye. Toughness, aggression, careful construction were as characteristic of his art as of the New York it celebrated. The aims of constructivism—an ideal system, beyond dialectics—meant little to him. Reality, for Davis, was dialectic and it expressed itself in strain. His paintings are all about unstable energy, and in this too he was a most "American" artist. No matter how firmly Davis insisted on their abstract basis, all his images feed back into the world: he never seems to have doubted his subject or lost touch with it, so that his best works are triumphs of candor.

—Robert Hughes



Davis' *The Paris Bit, 1959*: through an open window in France, a language of signs
Also taxicabs, hot jazz riffs, gas stations and "the heroism of modern life."

People

"I am very upset about the progress of soccer in the United States. The people in the pro circuit haven't shown enough interest in the American player," complained **Shep Messing**. That was six years ago, before the Bronx-born, Harvard-educated goalie became famous for eating glass, keeping a pet boa constrictor, posing nude for a *Viva* centerfold and playing on last year's championship New York Cosmos soccer team. Messing, 28, is no longer upset, having just signed a \$100,000 per-year contract with the fledgling Oakland Stompers, making him the highest-paid American soccer player in history. "I didn't start playing soccer until I was 18," says Shep. "I hope my new contract will be an incentive for American players."



Messing makes his point

Fugitive Financier **Robert Vesco** has been facing some rough weather in the sunny Caribbean. Charged with embezzling \$224 million from the



Vesco fights the heave-ho

now defunct I.O.S. Ltd. mutual fund empire, Vesco fled from the U.S. to Costa Rica in 1972. He is now ensconced as a gentleman farmer on a 4,000-acre country estate with his wife and children. Threatened with deportation once Costa Rica's President-elect, **Rodrigo Carazo**, takes office in May, Vesco applied for citizenship, listing his nationality as Italian (he was

born in Detroit but claimed the nationality of his father). Trouble is, Italy and Costa Rica never bothered to sign a peace treaty after World War II and, according to Costa Rica's Attorney General's office, are still technically at war. Vesco is therefore an "enemy alien" and ineligible for citizenship. Vesco insists he is not worried. "There are many countries that have asked me, that have let me know they would receive me," he says. "Except for the United States, the country doesn't matter."

Fans of TV's *All in the Family* might remember what happened a few seasons back when Edith Bunker sent Archie's favorite chair out for reupholstering. Some modern artist spirited away the old seat, labeled it "A Genuine American Gothic" and put it on sale for \$2,000. Now life has imitated TV art, and Archie's chair, along with Edith's, is headed for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. Last week during a break in the show's taping, Producer **Norman Lear** presented the chairs to **Carl Scheele**, curator of the Smithsonian's Community Life Division collections. The two seats will be preserved as "part of the cultural legacy of our country," according to **John Brademas**, member of

a House subcommittee that oversees the Smithsonian. As for the Bunkers, Hollywood craftsmen are now constructing replica chairs for their upcoming final TV season.

For a lame-duck Governor, New Mexico's **Jerry Apodaca** looks suspiciously like a healthy road runner. Apodaca, 43, has spent the past six weeks chugging through the hills near the executive mansion, trying to get in shape for the Boston Marathon on April 17. "Monday through Friday I run eight miles a day and on the weekend I do ten miles a day—except when I'm getting tired," says the Governor, a veteran jogger and former running back at the University of New Mexico. Apodaca's longest previous race was a 13-miler in 1974. He is now trying to slim down from his current 172 lbs. because "I don't want to carry that much around for 26 miles." Not even Governors, apparently, carry extra weight in a marathon.

The Ali-Spinks bout was "the best fight I've seen in years," proclaimed former Heavyweight Champ **Joe Louis**, 63. "The young man really

gave it to Ali in the 15th round. What a 15th round!" Louis watched the set-to while recovering from a fight of his own. In October he underwent thoracic surgery to repair a ballooned aorta, and after five months in a Houston hospi-

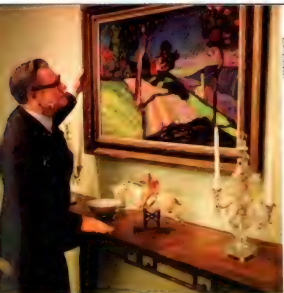


Joe Louis wins another round

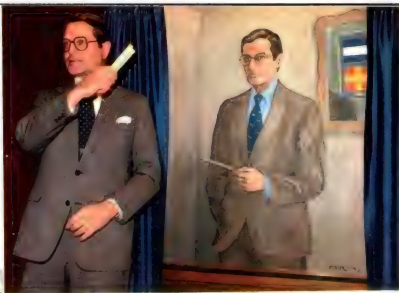
tal he is now convalescing at his modest Las Vegas home. Louis, who had been an official greeter at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas before his oper-



Curator Scheele and Producer Lear put Archie's perch on display



Collector Rockefeller sizes up a painting by Kandinsky



Amateur Painter Richardson hangs in there in his old Commerce hangout

ation, insists he is "impatient to return to work." For now, the Brown Bomber is consigned to a wheelchair and two rounds of physical therapy each day.

No, the band didn't play *Short People* when Jockey **Willie Shoemaker**, 46, was married for the third time, at the home of his new in-laws in Cardiff-by-the-Sea, Calif. After all, the bride, 28-year-old Realtor **Cynthia Barnes**, is a full 5 ft., 9½ in., while her new mate is 4 ft., 11 in. The couple have known each other for eight years, and Shoemaker has watched her ride hunters and jumpers. "She's got a better seat than I do," he says admiringly. He also admits that "she's a lot prettier on a horse than I am." But not as much in demand at the tracks. The couple will forgo a honeymoon until the current racing season is over.

"Art is too expensive for most people today," says one man who should know. **Nelson Rockefeller**, 69, started collecting while honeymooning abroad in 1930. Today he owns 10,000 pieces worth an estimated \$33.6 million. Last week he announced plans to share his acquisitions with the public—via an annual catalogue of reproductions and a five-book art series to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. The first book, with about 250 photographs of Rockefeller's collection of primitive art, will appear this fall. Rocky, who has

been tending to his family's financial interests and traveling since his retirement from politics two years ago, wrote an introduction to it, and also plans a personal memoir called *The Art of Collecting*. Many of his finer works will end up in museums, he says, since "with prices what they are and the heavy tax laws, you can no longer afford to leave them to your heirs."

In one of his first cost-cutting moves, **Jimmy Carter** put the kibosh on all those Government-financed portraits that hang in the halls of Wash-

ington. They just weren't the sort of thing taxpayers should spend money on, said Jimmy. Last week the Commerce Department unveiled its answer to the President: a life-size painting of **Elliot Richardson**, done by the former Commerce Secretary himself. An inveterate doodler, Richardson, who also served as Attorney General in the Richard Nixon administration until the infamous Saturday Night Massacre, loaded his self-portrait with symbolism. He is painted into a corner, Richardson pointed out, but signal flags in the background impart the message: "I expect to refloat."

Tiny sperm whales on his blue necktie recall the adage, "The spouting whale gets harpooned." Quipped Richardson of his canvas: "You may ask yourself, 'Why not the best?' The answer, of course, is that it's too expensive."

On the Record

Pete Greene, ex-convict who is now host of a Washington TV talk show, on being invited to a White House dinner for Yugoslav President Tito: "Truly, it was very nice. I even stole a spoon."

Daniel Berrigan, radical Jesuit priest, on the declining state of civil disobedience: "When we get locked up now, there's a sigh of ennui."

Midge Decter, author and journalist, on our "massive national hypochondria. We think of nothing so much as what we put into our mouths."

Carl Stokes, former mayor of Cleveland and now a newscaster for WNCN-TV, welcoming ex-New York Mayor Abe Beame to the staff as an urban affairs consultant: "I hope the station hasn't become the employer of last resort for ex-mayors."

Eric F. Goldman, Princeton University historian, on the impact of the 1960s: "This period was a watershed as important as the American Revolution or the Civil War in causing changes in the U.S."



Willie Shoemaker and Cynthia Barnes get hitched in California

"I have my own ideas about smoking."

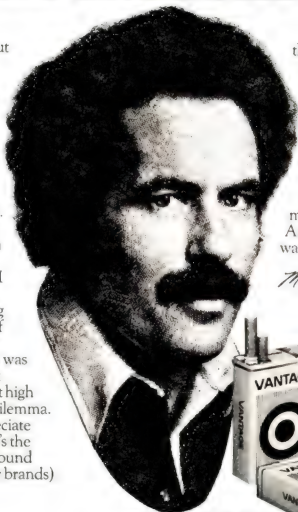
"I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there's no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar.

"There's also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

"Then at night when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It's part of the way I live.

"For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

"Which is why I appreciate Vantage as much as I do. It's the only low-tar cigarette I've found (and I've tried several other brands)



that really gives me cigarette taste and satisfaction.

"And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it's firm yet easy drawing.

"As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that's just the way I like it."

Mike Barbano

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine.

MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report AUG. '77;

FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Sexes

The Battered Husbands

Wives aren't always the victims

A doctor in the Chicago area is severely beaten by his attorney wife once or twice a year. He keeps cosmetics at home and in his office to cover up the bruises and face bites. An Army veteran and multiple amputee living in Georgia says his wife routinely socks and kicks him "just for being so useless. I guess." A former Virginia television personality endured a 26-year marriage to a woman who regularly punched him in the groin and face while he was driving. Once she bashed his head open with two cans of Campbell's pepper-pot soup.

These men are all members in good standing of a newly recognized fraternity of victims: the battered husbands. Though jokes about rolling-pin-wielding wives have long been a male staple, researchers are now finding increasingly that such bittersweet humor is all too often a black-and-blue reality. Says University of Delaware Sociologist Suzanne Steinmetz, "The most unreported crime is not wife beating—it's husband beating."

Steinmetz is the author of a book on family fighting called *The Cycle of Violence*. Extrapolating from her studies of domestic quarreling in Delaware's New Castle County, she estimates that each year at least 250,000 American husbands are severely thrashed by their wives. University of New Hampshire Sociologist Murray Straus projects an equally grim picture of this battle of the sexes. On the basis of his 1976 national survey of violence in 2,143 representative American families, he concludes that about 2 million husbands and about the same number of wives commit at least one serious attack a year on their mates. These range from kicks, bites or punches to murderous assaults with knives and other deadly weapons. Says University of Rhode Island Sociologist Richard Gelles, another student of domestic combat: "Men and women have always been equal victims in family violence. Fifty percent of the killings are men. Fifty percent are women. That hasn't changed in at least 50 years."

Hard statistics are admittedly impossible to come by, and the estimates infuriate some feminists, who feel that these figures distract from what they believe with considerable justice to be the far more serious problem of the battered wife. Indeed, it is women who are usually on the receiving end of the worst batterings in the home. Says Straus, "When there is a fight, the woman, on the average, comes out the loser."

Yet both Steinmetz and Straus point out that women are as prone as men to use violence on their mates. Whatever the

result, most battered wives—and husbands—fight back. But about 600,000 husbands and 600,000 wives do not retaliate.

Some of the pummeled husbands are too old or sick to defend themselves, but most are able-bodied. One type of victim is the baffled he-man who is afraid of unleashing his own violence. Says Steinmetz, "There is a feeling among beaten men: 'If I ever let go I would kill her.'" Another type is the passive, dependent man who has sought out a strong wife to shield him from worldly problems. Barbara Star, a professor of social work at the University of Southern California, finds that battered spouses are usually people who feel overwhelmed by life, repress all strong feelings and tend to blame themselves for whatever goes

knocked his wife unconscious with a single punch, he was ostracized as a wife beater, lost his TV show and was ordered by the court to stay away from his home for three months. Says Straus, "Some people figure it would be worse if they hit back. They need the good things the marriage has to offer and put up with the violence because they don't have much alternative." Others restrain themselves because they have been brought up never to strike a woman. One such husband, says Gelles, was so determined not to strike back that "he virtually gave her a license to kill him."

Many battered men manage to convince themselves that their marriages are sound and their beatings are trivial. The British social worker Erin Pizzey, founder of a refuge for battered women in London, notes that abused men are so good at self-deception that they often refuse to acknowledge the beatings at all. "Mostly they don't see themselves on the receiving end," she adds, "even



"For heaven's sake, Patsy, put down that cliché!"

wrong. Most, she explains, are convinced that fighting back is useless.

At first battered husbands may overlook their wives' occasional outbursts of physical punishment and simply hope they blow over. But before long a flurry of wifely fists is part of the domestic routine. Says Family Therapist Norman Paul of Boston: "They think their wives' violence is part of family life. They have come to accept it." Paralyzed by shame and guilt, they are reluctant to seek help from anyone—family, friends, counselors or the cops. Explains Steinmetz, "Police are a symbol of manhood, and it is simply too much to approach a policeman and say, 'The little woman has just beaten me up.'"

Nor are the courts likely to seem helpful. When the Virginia TV personality, now divorced, finally retaliated and

though they're scratched and bitten or hit by instruments." In fact, she says, many of the men who show up at her center are originally reported as wife beaters, but turn out to be beaten husbands.

Though only a few men are now willing to seek aid, some social agencies believe that the beaten male needs the same kind of counseling and support as that given to abused women. Adina Weiner, chief counselor at Atlanta's Council on Battered Women, even wants to change the name of her group to the Council on Battered People. Pizzey set up a house for battered men in London. She had to close it last year for lack of funds, but hopes to open another, staffed by nuns (because she feels they would be especially sympathetic). Says Pizzey, "These men are frightened by women. They need gentleness."

Press

Newswatch / Thomas Griffith

Kay Graham and the Haldeman Snafu

The trickiest ethical decision in journalism so far this year might have been taken, but wasn't, by Kay Graham, chairman of the Washington Post Co. Her *Newsweek* had the legal rights to the H.R. Haldeman book. Her Washington *Post* had got hold of a copy and wanted to scoop everybody. What was she to do?

Imagine the dialogue in her office. With expletives deleted and angry words softened, it might have gone like this:

Ben Bradlee (aggressive editor of the *Post*): We got the story. It's news. We're going with it.

Ed Kosner (aggressive editor of *Newsweek*): You can't. It's our exclusive. We've got some commitment. We're sinking more than \$125,000 into it. We've increased our price 25¢ on the newsstands. We've gone to all this secrecy so that we can spread it out over two issues.

Bradlee: Tough luck, kid. But you can't copyright news. Remember, even the Attorney General of the U.S. couldn't stop us from printing the Pentagon papers.

Kosner: What've the Pentagon papers got to do with it? This isn't a freedom-of-the-press issue. If those Pentagon papers hadn't been printed, you might argue that the public was denied something it had a right to know. Nothing's being kept from the public here that entitles you to jump a book's publication date by four days.

Bradlee: You're trying to buy news and withhold it to suit your convenience.

Kosner: And you're avoiding the issue. We're two parts of the same company. There's a question of responsibility here. You're not some little hippie paper defying the Establishment. We're both part of a half-a-billion-dollar corporation that makes contracts and is expected to honor them. We signed up with the *New York Times*, and so did dozens of newspapers. We've all gone to a lot of expense to honor the release date together. Remember, the *Times* even agreed that Kay Graham could read an advance of the book. We're all part of a network of obligations, and I don't see how you can frivolously override them.

Bradlee: That's not my problem. We're trying to keep our Watergate momentum going. Think what the staff would say if I stopped it. So unless Kay rules otherwise.

Most editors can imagine a conversation like that taking place in Mrs. Graham's office, and agree that it should have. But there was no such meeting. Kosner was not told that the *Post* had the book, and he was given no chance to argue the case for *Newsweek*. Contrary to earlier reports, Kay Graham did not even learn that the *Post* was publishing its story until it was already on the presses.

Bradlee speaks of a foul-up. The *Post* got the book on a Monday but did not publish until Thursday. In the intervening days, the paper's top editors were gathered in Florida at an annual editorial-planning meeting. Late Wednesday afternoon Bradlee had the final version of the



Publisher Kay Graham

story read to him from Washington, then tried to reach Mrs. Graham. She was on a flight from Seattle to San Diego, he says, due in at 7:59 p.m. Actually, it was another *Post* Co. executive on that flight, and Mrs. Graham never did hear from Bradlee. "I wasn't in San Diego," Mrs. Graham told me. "I was at *Newsweek*! It's not a great source of pride to me that the first word I heard was Sydney Gruson [executive vice president of the *New York Times* Co.] yelling at me. I did point out later that he seemed able to reach me even if the *Post* couldn't."

"We had a snafu. This is not the proudest moment of my managerial life—that's a fact. All I can say is the information process didn't work the way one would have liked." Did she feel the *Post* was hiding its plans from her? "They didn't rush to let me know. But nor do I think they were playing the game it looks like."

But had she had sufficient advance notice, would she have stopped the *Post* from publishing the Haldeman story? No. "I obviously didn't like it. It's distressing. I've thought it over. But times have changed. I think this is going to affect the future sales of memoirs when they depend on secrecy. But I hope *Newsweek* would still buy them, knowing it's a risk. It's like the Government trying to keep a secret; if you can't, you can't retrieve it."



Washington Post's Ben Bradlee

The Washington *Post*'s (or Bradlee's) insistent itch to be audacious and lively currently disturbs many members of the Washington press corps, including a few on the *Post*. Controversy turns on two recent gossipy stories about Hamilton Jordan, President Carter's chief factotum. The *Post*'s Sally Quinn, fellow guest at a private dinner party, quoted Jordan as longing to see the pyramids of the Egyptian ambassador's wife, who was seated at his side, others at the party challenge the Quinn version. Then came Rudy Maxa's item about Jordan spitting a drink at a girl in a Washington singles bar; in the *Post*, one of its best reporters, Haynes Johnson, deplored the sloppy checking of this incident.

One engaging quality about the *Post*, in fact, is its readiness to print criticism of itself. Last week the paper's thoughtful ombudsman, Charles Seib, suggested that these *Post* stories violated an unwritten journalistic rule that off-hours conduct of an official becomes a matter for public attention only when it affects his performance on the job. "The pettiness and unfairness of gossip masquerading as news," wrote Seib, is one reason "the Washington press is seen by many Americans as vindictive, destructive and often irrelevant."

It can also undermine the press's own credibility, which is none too steady to begin with.

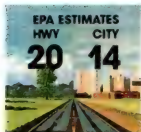
Seib raises an important question, and the *Post*'s willingness to let him have his say isn't a sufficient answer. Brash Ben Bradlee is characteristically unfazed: "If the social behavior of as powerful a man on the Washington scene as Jordan isn't reportable," he says, "I've got to go back to school." This response, of course, does not address the accuracy of the *Post*'s reporting.



Newsweek's Ed Kosner

The New Chevrolet.

More of the things you want in a wagon.



MORE MILEAGE.* Compared to 1976 full-size Chevrolet wagons EPA estimates with the standard 305 V8 and auto trans. Power train not available in California.



CONVENIENT DOOR-GATE. Opens out like a door for people. Drops down like a gate for cargo. Counterbalanced. Easy to operate.



ROOMY CARGO COMPARTMENT. Takes loads up to 11 feet wide through a rear opening that's wider at beltline, higher overall than the 1976 model it replaced.



PUSH-BUTTON SEAT CONVERSION. A lever releases the folding third seat back. A button high on the side panel lets the second seat fold forward.



LOCKABLE STORAGE UNDER THE FLOOR. 8.0 cubic feet on 2-seat model; less on 3-seat model (shown).



LOCKABLE STORAGE IN THE SIDE. Over 2 cubic feet. Handy storage trays hold things that usually clutter seats and floor.



MORE MANEUVERABLE IN CITY TRAFFIC THAN THE MODEL IT REPLACED. Something to appreciate as you slip into tight parking spaces.



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Milestones

DIED. Walter Muir Whitehill, 72, historian and man of letters who became known as "Mr. Boston" for his successful crusade to preserve some of the landmarks of his city; of pneumonia; in Boston. A pragmatist who fought to "save what is good for practical use as places to live in and work in." Whitehill played a large part in restoring Boston's 19th century Quincy Marketplace and making it into a thriving new commercial center.

DIED. Sir Roy Harrod, 78, noted English economist, disciple and definitive biographer (in 1951) of John Maynard Keynes; in Holt, Norfolk, England. A student of Keynes' at Cambridge. Harrod forged a brilliant career that encompassed teaching at Oxford University from 1921 to 1967 and serving on Sir Winston Churchill's private staff during World War II. He was knighted in 1959.

DIED. Michéal Mac Liammóir, 78, renowned Irish actor, designer and playwright: of a pulmonary embolism; in Dublin. Blessed with what he called a "godawful gift of gab" and a deep streak of talent, Mac Liammóir designed and appeared in 300 productions at Dublin's Gate, a famed small innovative theater he helped establish in 1928. In the 1960s he popularized the one-man show by giving, on four continents, marvelous solo recitations of passages he had culled from Oscar Wilde, an act he called *The Importance of Being Oscar*, and from centuries of Irish literature (*I Must Be Talking to My Friends*).

DIED. Henry Merritt Wriston, 88, president of Brown University (1937-55) and blue-ribbon Government panelist, in Manhattan. At Brown, Wriston established a reputation as an iconoclast, de-emphasizing survey courses and attracting top professors and freeing them of administrative tasks. Describing himself as "a perpetually dissatisfied Republican," Wriston defended academic freedom from assaults by the House Un-American Activities Committee as vigorously as he opposed the New Deal. In 1954 he headed John Foster Dulles' committee for the reorganization of the diplomatic service, and in 1960 he directed the President's Commission on National Goals, an ambitious, wide-ranging study that outlined objectives in economics, foreign policy, the arts and science, government and welfare.

DIED. William L. McKnight, 90, pioneer advocate of industrial research and development who built and diversified a debt-ridden sandpaper concern into the \$4 billion 3M Co.; in Miami Beach. McKnight left his family's South Dakota farm at 18 to become a bookkeeper's assistant in the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. at \$11.55 a week. He rose quietly to become president of the company at 41, then chairman of the board until he retired at 78.

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Education

Next, Project 87

Nine-year study focuses on the Constitution's Bicentennial

To Richard Morris, 73, a professor emeritus of history at Columbia, America's razzle-dazzle Bicentennial celebration was a disgrace. "We ended up with a lot of gimmickry, pageantry and tall ships—nothing to do with why the American Revolution was unique," charges Morris. His colleague, James MacGregor Burns, 59, a political scientist at Williams, enjoyed the display—"I rather liked the ships in New York harbor"—but agrees that the Revolution's deeper significance was insufficiently heralded.

The two professors, former presidents of the American Historical Association (Morris) and the American Political Science Association (Burns), decided to redress the historical slight. They

dreamed up Project 87 to celebrate America's next Bicentennial, that of the Constitution's adoption, with a cerebral, nine-year program sponsored by the two scholarly associations and culminating on Sept. 17, 1987.

The three-phase project, under the direction of Donald Robinson, a Smith College political scientist, will focus initially on research into the Constitution and its evolution. Among possible topics:

- To what extent have bureaucrats become the primary policymakers?
- Is the system of accountability compromised when the Supreme Court, whose Justices are not elected, makes vital decisions about Government policy?
- Is the Chief Executive too powerful?

Morris and Burns argue that there has been a dearth of constitutional study over the past two decades. As a result, the nation had to pick "piecemeal" through the Constitution during Viet Nam and Watergate while debating issues like

impeachment and executive privilege.

A second phase beginning in three years will seek to spice up high school and college government courses—now "parched and superficial," says Morris—often by using public TV innovatively. The final three-year stage will take the Constitution to the people, again using TV and town meeting-type discussions.

Both Morris and Burns stress that their project will be critical as well as contemplative. Says Morris: "When you compare the *noblest oblige* of people like James Madison, John Jay and Thomas Jefferson with people we really don't have to name, it raises the question of whether a Constitution written by men with one set of values can still operate in the 20th century." Burns especially hopes that Project 87 will study the Constitution not from the traditional standpoint of what America can teach other countries but with a focus on what the U.S. can learn from them. ■

Cinema

Blood Revenge

THE FURY

Directed by Brian De Palma

Written by John Farris

Psychokinesis is the ability to focus and project mental influence on physical objects. Those who have it can, in theory anyway, move mountains or, if we are to believe *The Fury*, afflict people who cross them with ailments ranging from nosebleeds to cerebral hemorrhages, and worse. To most of us, psychokinesis exists in that exotic realm where pseudo-scientific speculation meets metaphysics, but for Brian De Palma it is obviously an obsession. It was the subject of 1976's highly successful *Carrie*, and he has returned to it again in *The Fury*.

This time his story concerns a young man (Andrew Stevens) and a young woman (Amy Irving) who are gifted with extrasensory perception as well. That makes them doubly interesting to a supersecret Government agency, which seeks to exploit their gifts in the interest of "national security." After the youth is spectacularly abducted by these spooks, his father (Kirk Douglas) traces him to Chicago, where he manages to find the girl and enlist her telepathic aid in finding his son. Unfortunately, the G-men are just a step behind—and ahead—of both of them.

It's all terribly complicated, but also very exciting. De Palma's staging amounts to a movie-long chase that is witty, crisp and suspenseful. The film ends with terrible vengeance upon all who attempted to exploit these strangely gifted

children. That ending does not quite match *Carrie's*, perhaps because the picture as a whole does not work as powerfully on one's emotions. The reason is that Carrie herself existed in an ordinary milieu, a middle-class high school. The contrast between it and her "talent" was vivid. Then, too, Carrie was such a plain mousy little thing, so set upon by her peers that one derived vengeful satisfaction when she—literally—brought the house

of her tormentors down around them. By contrast, *The Fury* exists from the start in the fictional world of movies and paperbacks—a place where secret agents, car chases and shootouts are routine. In that context, psychokinesis requires no greater dislocation than James Bond's latest bit of fanciful hardware.

Still, *The Fury* is fine popular entertainment. Kirk Douglas, as the father, mobilizes a kind of crazy energy he has not displayed since he was a much younger actor. John Cassavetes is deliciously evil as the bureaucrat-villain. De Palma, like Alfred Hitchcock, is a superb technician, sure and subtle in such matters as camera placement and editing. These are skills that are often overlooked when they are not employed in the service of "serious" themes.

There is another analogy to Hitchcock. In entertainment after entertainment he has shown, through his spies and criminals, how pervasive evil is in the world, how it can reach out and touch the most innocent places and people and make real the paranoia that so many people seem to feel. *The Fury* invites the audience to take pleasure in the revenge of those who are exceptional, in their final, violent turning against the straight world. One suspects that telepathic characters are artist-figures to De Palma, that conceivably, in his dealings with Hollywood producers, he has wished on occasion he had psychokinetic powers. Be that as it may, *The Fury* can be enjoyed, by those prepared for some colorful blood spillage when the kids get riled, simply as an engrossing thriller. —Richard Schickel




Amy Irving in *The Fury*
The kids really get riled.

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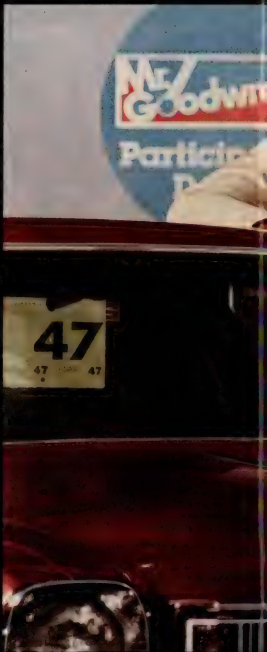
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Cinema

Horse Sense

CASEY'S SHADOW

Directed by Martin Ritt

Screenplay by Carol Sobieski

Any précis of this movie makes it sound like the stickiest entertainment since Shirley Temple retired from Sunnybrook Farm. *Casey's Shadow* is about a family—one crusty dad, three cute sons, no mom—that raises quarter horses in Cajun country. The family is dirt poor and luckless, until the day Dad gets his hands on a promising foal. He names the colt Casey's Shadow because of its attachment to his youngest son, and decides to race it in the \$1 million All-American Futurity at Ruidoso, N. Mex. Will Dad be able to come up with the race's stiff entry fee by deadline? Will the horse recover from injuries it suffers during training? Will a mean old rival trainer try any hanky-panky? Will mighty Casey strike out in the stretch?

The answers are not terribly hard to guess. *Casey's Shadow* rarely disobeys the time-honored rules of its kid-and-colt genre. Yet the movie proves that those strictures, when applied with flourish, can still carry an audience across the finish line. While *Casey's Shadow* is aimed squarely at eleven-year-olds, it is likely to captivate any grownup whose idea of heaven is to steal a Saturday afternoon and secretly reread *Black Beauty* or *Charlotte's Web*.

Like Nancy Dowd's script for *Slap Shot*, *Casey's Shadow* continually proves that men do not have a monopoly on first-rate sports reportage. Writer Carol Sobieski, working loosely from a story by John McPhee, takes a cynical attitude toward her characters' obsession with winning, and she leavens her familiar narrative with gritty bits of lore from the backwaters of quarter-horse racing. She accurately



Walter Matthau in *Casey's Shadow*

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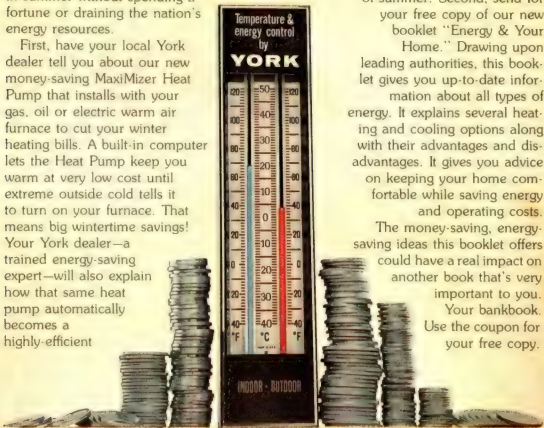
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Cinema



Michael Hershew and his Shadow

A bid for the eleven-year-olds

ly re-creates the arduous rituals of training, the sweaty romance of jockeying and the cracker-barrel humor of the eccentrics who build their entire lives around long shots.

Her script is well served by Director Martin Ritt (*Souther, The Front*), who has collaborated with Cinematographer John Alonzo and Production Designer Robert Luthardt to paint the colorful Louisiana and New Mexico settings in crisp detail. Ritt has the good sense to stretch out the tense race sequences (with slow motion, if necessary) and gallop by the story's mawkish father-son, brother-brother and child-horse confrontations. He even gets away with the overheated scenes that depict the star colt's birth and its mother's untimely death.

None of this would go down so easily if Ritt had cast heart-warming actors in the key roles; a few too many beaming faces on-screen, and the movie would curdle before our eyes. Luckily, the three sons—Andrew A. Rubin, Steve Burns and Michael Hershew—are as obstreperous as they are attractive. Further spice is provided by Murray Hamilton and Robert Webber as dastardly villains, and by the stunning Alexis Smith, who turns up as a wealthy horsewoman. In her tight jeans and cowboy hat, Smith gives *Casey's Shadow* a welcome dose of hard-edged sexuality.

The director's most crucial ally, however, is Walter Matthau as the boys' father. Snarling in a bogus Cajun accent and exuberantly swilling beer, the star is a study in jaunty misanthropy. Matthau has lately become a kind of shadow W.C. Fields, and he is just the man to lure skeptical adults into children's movies like *The Bad News Bears* and *Casey's Shadow*. If Matthau can tolerate a pack of kid co-stars for a couple of hours, it's safe to assume that the little rascals are doing something right.

—Frank Rich

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Sport

How to Win a Scholarship

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The record, quite simply, is astonishing: 595 wins and just 84 losses during a 22-year career and 16 conference championships in the past 18 years. This season's undefeated team is judged the best high school five in the country by *Basketball Weekly*, the bible of the roundball business. But for all the glory and the shelves full of trophies, Coach Morgan Wootton of De Matha High School in the suburbs of Washington, D.C., is proudest of another, more remarkable accomplishment: for the past 17 years, every senior on his roster, star and sub alike, has received a college athletic scholarship.

When De Matha beat Dunbar High School 63-55 last week for the championship of the nation's capital, squads of college recruiters were scattered through the crowd of 12,500. Sharp-eyed men with pads and pencils, they liked what they saw, and knew what they would be getting. With his emphasis on fundamentals and unselfish shotmaking, Wootton's players can play defense as well as drive home a dunk—to the delight of college coaches. And his insistence on academic achievement produces athletes who can parse a sentence as well as pass a basketball—to the relief of admissions deans.

The result is a steady parade of top-notch players to the small (826 students), Catholic boys' school run by the Trinitarian Order in Hyattsville, Md., ten miles from the White House. In recent years, the march from Washington's inner city has become a stampede. Los Angeles Lakers forward Adrian Dantley, NBA rookie of the year last season with Buffalo, learned about Wootton from James Brown, who starred at De Matha before attending Harvard on a scholarship. At Wootton's suggestion, Dantley spent the summer before his freshman year boning up on his studies. By the time he graduated, he could meet Notre Dame's tough admissions standards. Now he is the brightest pro star among the NBA's eleven De Matha alumni. Says Dantley, "Wootton is just a classy guy who makes a better person out of you. He can communicate with ballplayers, especially black ballplayers. And every college coach knows that when Morgan is through with you, you have the game of fundamentals down and are ready to play college ball."

Nearly a head shorter than his gangling charges, chubby and a bit owlish behind the plain frames of his glasses, Morgan Wootton looks more like a history teacher—which he is until afterschool practice begins—than the builder of a basketball dynasty. While still an undergraduate at Montgomery Junior College in

suburban Washington, he was offered a coaching job at a Catholic boys' home. "I fell in love with coaching," Wootton says, "and changed my major from prelaw to education." Now 46, he has remained a high school coach despite a stream of offers from colleges—including Wake Forest and Maryland. He has even said no thanks to a feeder from Notre Dame. Why? "It's satisfaction with my work and the enjoyment of working with young people when they are most pliable. It's not that I see something in college coaches' lives that I don't like; it's that I see some-

up with a girlfriend to family troubles. Former players sometimes return to ask their old coach's advice about marital problems, or to seek help in finding a job. Says Bob Whitmore, who held Lew Alcindor to 16 points in the only game the New Yorker's high school team lost: "The one outstanding quality Morgan has is his honesty. When you are streetwise like I was, you learn to read that." Sid Catlett, a Notre Dame graduate who had a brief NBA career, credits Wootton with turning his life around. Catlett had been fatherless since the age of three. When he went to De Matha, Catlett, now an electronics executive, turned to Wootton for guidance. Says he: "In my neighborhood, I could have gotten into all kinds of trouble. Morgan could be a friend, coach or manly role model—depending on what



Coach Morgan Wootton and his players celebrate winning their school's 16th championship

A dynasty where grades are as important as dunks and defense

thing in my own life that I want to keep."

What Wootton strives to keep is a remarkable rapport with his players. When he began coaching in the '50s, the role model for his profession was a Marine drill instructor: shouting, short hair and slavish obedience. But Wootton encouraged his players to call him by his first name. Although he insists on tidy hair and coats and neckties on game day, Wootton allows the team to vote, by secret ballot, on training rules. His simple, if heretical explanation: "The team sets the rules because it's their team."

While he never breaches the privacy of his players' dressing room ("That's their home"), the door to Wootton's tiny, cluttered office is always open when there is trouble to be talked out. His kids, says Wootton, come to him with "every imaginable problem there is," from breaking

was needed at the time. He was a vital influence in my life."

Wootton is also a superb and innovative teacher of basketball. To get ready for Alcindor, Wootton had the 6 ft., 8 in. Whitmore hold a tennis racquet over his head all week long so that his teammates could practice arching shots that would float above even Lew's reach.

Despite the absence of a commanding star, this season's team is the most balanced and perhaps the strongest in De Matha history. The talent is so deep that four De Matha players made the five-man all-star squad at a recent tournament, two starters and two reserves. With half the team returning next year, De Matha's opponents face a bleak future. College and pro basketball fans, on the other hand, have a lot to look forward to. ■

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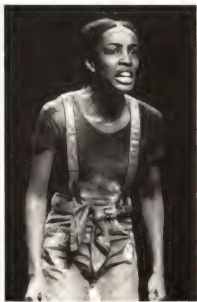
Bruised and Blue

RUNAWAYS

Written, Composed and
Directed by Elizabeth Swados

While this musical is about children who run away from home, the show itself is plagued with relatives.

To name the most obvious ones, all of which, like *Runaways*, either originated or generated excitement at Joseph Papp's Public Theater in Greenwich Village: *Hair*, *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf* and *A Chorus Line*. This musical's basic structure derives from *Chorus Line*. Like the gypsies in that show, who deliver soliloquies as to why they ran away to Broadway to dance, the bruised young-



Nan-Lynn Nelson in *Runaways*

A rage to escape.

sters in *Runaways* sing songs of woe about fleeing ugly homes for streets and scenes sometimes even darker. What Elizabeth Swados, 27, here portrays in a dramatically erratic way is an urban *Walpurgisnacht* of the young. Through her cast, some of whom were actual runaways, she captures the abusive home life that gives these children a rage to escape, and the confusion, dread and loneliness that ensue. One song tells of a hitchhiker who stood on a highway holding a sign saying ANYWHERE, and that says it all.

Swados sadly indulges in a punitive blame game charging parents with a shortfall of love. Several decades ago, the family was a self-contained unit sustained by all of society. Today, the world invades

the home, and luck plays a greater role than affection or discipline in welding family unity.

As to Swados' music, it is eclectic and lacks her own signature. Nonetheless, the stage thrums with salsa, country-and-western, disco and blues. The choreography is basic jogger, marathon-style. Nan-Lynn Nelson has the loveliest voice of the evening, but the entire superbly energetic cast deserves praise for throwing not only bodies into the show but hearts and souls, which is always a sweet thing to watch.

—T.E. Kalem

Trickle

THE WATER ENGINE

by David Mamet

One juvenile mythette seems to have a hold over the American imagination: the story of an idealistic man of science who invents a fabulously elemental machine only to have it stolen by evil megacapitalist interests. That is the propelling notion of *The Water Engine* and, as drama, the play is a trickle.

The think pump of *Engine* is Charles Lang (Dwight Schultz), who has devised a method for producing energy by splitting the hydrogen and oxygen atoms in water. That amorphous villain, Big Biz, sends two oily agents (David Sabin and Bill Moori) to intimidate Lang out of his invention. When he resists, they murder him and his sister (Patti LuPone).

No one would dare tell that story with a straight face, so Mamet has told it with a borrowed voice. The time is 1934, the place a radio station. The play is being acted out before microphones, which means that all of its virtues are peripheral and nostalgic. A spectral voice pushes the Depression chain-letter craze; a rabble-rouser denounces capitalistic society.

This is fitfully atmospheric but basically false. Mamet, 30, who was unborn at the time he writes about, does not realize that resilience, fortitude and fellow feeling were the sustaining forces of the Depression years. It was the teen-agers of the '30s who forged, fought and won the U.S. victory of World War II. For the flabby, self-centered, alienated lot that Mamet has assembled in his radio studio, that formidable deed would have been a manifest impossibility.

—T.E.K.

Bad Blood

CURSE OF THE STARVING CLASS

by Sam Shepard

What distinguishes Sam Shepard from a score of promising and prolific young U.S. dramatists is that he is our most persistent social critic. Not that he

indulges in the finger pointing that characterizes post-Watergate morality. Always in sorrow and never in anger, he exposes the dry rot that has eroded the faith and commitment of Americans to the triple pillars of society—God, family and country. His style varies from surrealistic to naturalistic to pop, and all of his plays contain an unsettling mixture of wild humor and harrowing revelation.

In *Curse of the Starving Class*, Shepard's symbol is a refrigerator devoid of food; his theme, the aching emptiness of U.S. family life. Each member of this rural family is poisoned by sour dreams.

Behind her husband's back, the wife (Olympia Dukakis) wants to unload the house and property to a smarmy, carnally inclined real estate operator and then flee with the land shark to the cultural dreamland of Europe. The husband (James Gammon), a complicated victim of drink, anger and despondency, wants to shed the property and escape to Mexico alone.

In a blacked-out stupor, he is bilked of



Ebbe Roe Smith in *Curse*

Maggots in the family

his home, and gangsters lie in wait for him. The son (Ebbe Roe Smith), a touching fool-in-Christ figure, simply wants to hang onto a place that is already lost, and the daughter (Pamela Reed) plans to retrieve the loss by becoming an efficient criminal.

In the final segment of the play, the son's hands are crimsoned by the blood of a lamb he has just slaughtered. He has not been washed clean in the blood of the lamb, for the animal was maggoty, like the family. Despite this strained symbolic ending, Shepard has fashioned a play of eloquent intensity, whirlwind farce and resonantly poignant insight. The cast all get A's. The ensemble work they do cannot be matched off-Broadway. —**T.E.H.**



If you can't be rich... be shrewd.

Fred Harris did three things when he first took up concert piano: changed his name to Vladimir Sokolovski; acquired a PBM wardrobe, and successfully courted the Honorable Amanda Haslemere, heiress to the Haslemere Records fortune. Shrewd moves, Vladimir! The PBM suit of polyester and wool, sportcoat of cotton madras.

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Religion

Jews with Nobody to Worship

To the "polydox," even Reform Judaism seems right wing

"No Jewish community has ever had more distinguished, respected or prosperous members. No Jewish community has experienced less anti-Semitism. No Jewish community has enjoyed more religious freedom. Yet American Jewry is in a desperate state of crisis." So says Rabbi Alvin J. Reines of Cincinnati, who is convinced that by the year 2100 the American Jewish community could dwindle from today's 5.8 million to fewer than 1 million—below the point of significance.

Reines is not alone in his pessimism. Jewish survival is a perennial topic at synagogues and social centers. Proposed remedies include greater commitment to Israel, a higher birth rate, a stricter ban on intermarriage and campaigns against proselytizers from other faiths. But Reines, 52, doubts that any of these will work. The problem, he argues, is that American Jews simply do not accept the teachings of traditional Judaism. And without some religion, Jewry will vanish.

But what about Reform Judaism, the liberal branch created to free the Jews from the rigidities of Orthodoxy without

stripping away their faith? Reines teaches at a Reform seminary, Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College. Yet he considers Reform Judaism to be only a halfhearted effort at liberalism. The answer, he insists, is "polydox," a radically open-ended faith with only one absolute: that there are no absolutes. At the first national meeting of polydox Jews in St. Louis last week, Reines proposed the creation of a Polydox Jewish Confederation to unite the radicals.

Consistent with polydox belief, there was no mention at the St. Louis meeting of God (or, as Reines' writings would have it, "god"). Because many Jews no longer believe in a personal, benevolent deity who revealed himself to Moses, polydox liturgies use vague formulations, such as "the power of creation" or "the flow and force of life." In fact, the polydox hold "services," not "worship services," since they have no particular god to worship.

Newly written polydox texts for children banish Bible stories as unedifying and untrue. Youths are taught that Abraham did not enter the Promised Land be-

cause of a covenant with God but because of a drought in Ur. Instead of the bar mitzvah (son of the commandments) rite, the polydox now use the baal mitzvah (master of the commandments), signifying that a youngster is able to decide for himself what to do.

While some Jews have turned to Unitarianism, Reines complains that "it's not a religion. It ducks all the questions, the basic problems of the finite condition of the human person, death and so on." Reines regards Ethical Culture, another refuge for defecting Jews, as a way of dealing with ethics rather than religion.

Polydox is starting small, though Reines maintains that many Jews subscribe to its beliefs without realizing it. The Institute of Creative Judaism, formed in 1971 to promote Reines' philosophy, so far has enlisted only 75 rabbis and ten synagogues. Congregation Or Ami in Richmond, Va., the first synagogue formed to practice polydox, began six years ago with six families and now has 100, many previously unaffiliated with any synagogue. The movement has also spread overseas. Rabbi Anthony Holz, who recently returned from a congregation in Pretoria, South Africa, summarizes his polydox outlook: "Fifty percent of what we know is wrong, and we can never know which fifty percent."

Skull and Bones

Almost every imaginable item has been auctioned off at Sotheby's in London, but this was a first: a skull described as "unusually long and narrow ... jawbone lacking." It fetched £1,650 (\$3,200) last week from the Swedish Royal Academy of Science, which decided in 1960 that the skull is almost certainly that of Emanuel Swedenborg, the 18th century Swedish scientist and mys-

tic. His writings and visions form the heart of the 50,000-member Swedenborgian religion.

The skull was stolen from Swedenborg's London grave, 44 years after his 1772 burial, by a retired sea captain infatuated with phrenology. It was bought a century later at an antique shop in Swansea, Wales, by the family whose heirs sold it off last week. Swedenborgians protested the sale of stolen property, but are relieved that the skull is returning to Sweden, where

the rest of the founder's body now lies.

Two days before the auction, the remains of a much more famous man of God, St. Francis, were reburied after a special rite at the basilica in Assisi, Italy. The skeleton was first identified by Vatican experts in 1818. When the remains were exhumed so the grave site could be repaired, Pope Paul asked scientists to study them. Their findings: the saint, who died in 1226, was short and frail and his bones "very porous, denoting a form of malnutrition."



Emanuel Swedenborg's skull



Bones of St. Francis at Assisi basilica after examination by scientists

Books



American Ted Morgan (the former French count, Sanche de Gramont) on the ferry to the Statue of Liberty in New York

Countless Blessings

ON BECOMING AMERICAN

by Ted Morgan (*Sanche de Gramont*): Houghton Mifflin, 336 pages: \$10.95

First the bad news: Sanche de Gramont is not a French count any more. Now the good news: he became an American citizen last year and, in the process, shed his title and the name his family has borne since "the morning hours of Western civilization." He is now Ted Morgan. Big changes: De Gramont, says Morgan, was the strict, rather European father, for instance, and something of a male chauvinist; Morgan, says Morgan, is a permissive American father of two, and an earnest believer in feminism. De Gramont kissed the slender hands of titled ladies, the rascal. Morgan, 45, helps his wife Nancy with the dishes and is not likely to be invited to dinners where footmen stand behind each place.

The author's good sense in becoming an American is readily apparent, especially to Americans. To him France is all but fossilized, and his highborn relatives there are wholly so, as the funniest parts of his account maliciously attest (Ted Morgan's Uncle Armand once brought Marcel Proust to lunch. Afterward the duc de Gramont, Armand's father, handed his guest book to the already famous author "and with the total disdain of the nobleman for the artist, said, 'Just your name, Mr. Proust. No thoughts.'") The U.S. he sees as still an open society, free and easy, rambunctious, optimistic, cheerfully ready to build on both its successes and its mistakes. He likes American lingo and

quotes a lot of it (Harry Truman on Jack Kennedy: "He had his ear so close to the ground it was full of grasshoppers"). He likes interstate highways, supermarkets, fast-food shops, fast talkers, the entire "discards" culture. He likes the chanciness of the San Andreas fault, on which he now lives in California.

There is more; he likes the way U.S. society is forever jumping on its horse and riding off in several directions (example: "Saccharin would be banned in prepared food and beverages, where the unsuspecting consumer might not know it was an ingredient, but it would be sold as an over-the-counter drug in containers warning that it could cause cancer"). He cannot fathom American Puritanism but admires the national trait of altruism. He cherishes our chronic forgetfulness and blithing unawareness of history (talk-show gabber to ex-Premier Cao Ky of South Viet Nam, who now runs a liquor store in California: "We still have a minute left. Could you tell us what went wrong?").

Ted Morgan is a man loopy with love for his new country, and the result is a book that is both refreshing and breathless. It has been a long time since anyone serenaded the present reality of the U.S. in such a hyperbolic manner. He cheers on conservatives who roar for less government and more cops, grumpily defending a dream of frontier capitalism. He applauds liberals—writing their concerned

Excerpt

“ Things change so fast that historians, who used to study the meaning of centuries (eighteenth-century France, nineteenth-century England), now scrutinize America decade by decade: what were the sixties about? Are the seventies a return to the fifties?”

There is room in America for the whole spectrum of life-styles. If you take the generation that came of age in the sixties, some of them are still groping, tunneling inward in a trough of hope, experimentation, apathy, and self-analysis, tentatively circling the void of their old commitments. They have chosen the inner voyage. But some of those undergraduates who were screaming Marxist slogans and disrupting the campuses are now public servants. It turns out that the guerrilla tactics of the sixties were a training ground for the establishment. John Froines, one of the Chicago Seven, is the official who supervises industrial health regulations in Vermont. Paul Soglin, who in 1967 organized a protest against Dow Chemical at the University of Wisconsin, is now mayor of Madison. These are the little ironies of American life. One year you are clubbed by the forces of law and order, and the next year you are responsible for the police budget. ”

Books

letters to the editor, demanding more government and less repression, peering worriedly at the future. To Morgan these factions do not reveal a paralysis of opposed fears but a lively and profitable ferment. Wonderful! he marvels, as environmentalists and exploiters ambush each other in federal court. The system works!

Yes, it does, the reader thinks, his eyes opened by Morgan's perception of Americans as "the true existentialists.... Anxiety is the price that must be paid for boundless opportunity, including the opportunity to cheat the system, and not everyone can handle it." But passion does not improve the reasoning process, and when the author supports his arguments with windy civics lectures and careless un-ravelings from U.S. history, he can be more provocative than illuminating. Cases in point include a lame paragraph that seeks to prove "a high incidence of breakdown among men and women in public life" by linking the troubles of Explorer Meriwether Lewis (who died in 1809, probably a suicide, in "a seedy tavern"). Major General Edwin A. Walker (arrested in a Dallas men's room in 1976 for public lewdness), and Pat Nixon ("stress-related stroke"). This is simply idle, and a spongy chapter relating the life of New York City's Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, who was neither an immigrant nor a name changer but is gathered into Morgan's embrace anyway, is not much better.

Still, the book is so amiable and loose-jointed, perhaps like the U.S. itself, that the reader is happy to wade through balderdash to the next bit of good storytelling or good sense. Meanwhile, what about this name change? Why Morgan? Why not Carnegie or Rockefeller? Why not Svensen or Von Humboldt or Verrazzano or Sun Yat-sen? Well, Morgan explains, he threw away his first name, Sanche—a contraction of St. Charles—and scrambled the letters of De Gramont. Among the anagrams that resulted were Dr. Montage, R.D. Megaton and Ted Morgan. Morgan, he felt, was someone you would lend your car to. Dogs and small children would like him.

Nancy Morgan objected that the anagram was a "remuddling of an already felt confusion." His brother George, both a De Gramont and a brand manager for Lipton Tea, said that Morgan was throwing away a valuable brand name. (Sanche de Gramont had written several books, including an astringent national portrait, *The French*, and a good popular history of the Niger River, *The Strong Brown God*.) The author ignored all this and became Morgan.

Is he displaying a Gallic idiosyncrasy or an American one? Both. Is that his business, not anyone else's? Yes. Is name changing an American quirk? Absolutely, says this SuperAmerican. Look at Natasha Gurdin (Natalie Wood); Marcus Rothkowitz (Mark Rothko); Michael

Igor Peschkowsky (Mike Nichols). If Columbus had hung around, he might have called himself Collins. By the end of the volume does the reader feel a giddy temptation to throw away his own first name and mess around with the letters of the rest? As De Gramont-Morgan proves, that requires a lot of thought. —S. Wok (formerly John Skow)

Family Fair

THE KNOX BROTHERS

by Penelope Fitzgerald

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan.

294 pages; \$10.95

Dilly said it best: "Nothing is impossible." That conviction shaped the lives of the four Knox brothers. For Dilwyn, the second-born son, it meant breaking the vital German flag code in World War I and finding a crucial key to the Germans' baffling Enigma machine in World War II. For Ronald, youngest and most celebrated of the four, it meant translating a Roman Catholic English Bible—Old and New Testaments—from the Latin Vulgate. For Eldest Brother Edmund it meant a painstaking ascension to the Fleet Street pantheon as editor of *Punch*. Wilfred, the third-born son, chose a different sort of test. An Edwardian dandy who wore silk ties from London's Burlington Arcade, he took a vow of poverty as a workingman's Anglican priest.

Biographer Penelope Fitzgerald has a blood knowledge of this charmed band of brothers. Eddie was her father, Ronnie, Dilly and Wilfred her beloved uncles. There was also Aunt Ethel, withdrawn and spinsterly, and Aunt Winnie, boundlessly affectionate. "Enter Winnie," wrote Eddie in a childhood play, "and kisses everybody." Penelope follows Win-

nie's lead: her family portrait, scrupulously honest, laced with good humor and lovingly crafted, is a valentine to the sort of family that has largely ceased to exist.

The Knoxes were born at a happy conjunction of piety and humanity. Grandfather George Knox had been a holy terror, a Low Church Anglican minister who tried to flog the hell out of his sons. Grandfather Thomas French, in Fitzgerald's words, "was a saint... and as exasperating as all saints," a gifted linguist and longtime missionary to India who would squat in the marketplace of Agra reading the Bible to lepers. But when Edmund Knox, sire of the four brothers, took the cloth, it was of a different cut. The tireless worker for his soot-stained Midlands flocks eventually became Bishop of Manchester. But he remained a gregarious and joyful man who loved to trot his family off for a seaside holiday.

His first parsonage in rural Kibworth became ever after a touchstone of the boys' halcyon youth. "They had their own cow in the pasture, their own rookery in the elms, and, best of all, the railway ran past the bottom of the garden," writes Fitzgerald. "In memory it was always summer, with the victoria plums ripening on the south wall."

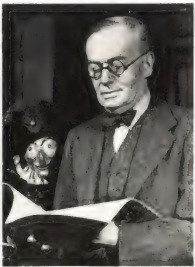
The idyl could not last. Father was called to a grimy industrial parish in Birmingham; their mother contracted influenza and died. But soon there was a new Mrs. Knox, an elegant lady from a landed family who encouraged the boys' brilliance: Ronnie was reading Virgil at the age of six. It was she who decreed the boarding schools they later attended, Eton for Dilly and Ronnie, Rugby for Eddie and Wilfred. Dilly went on to Cambridge, where Lytton Strachey fell in love with him (the compliment was not returned). The others went up to Oxford.

Religion became a crisis for all the



Ronald Knox digressing

Nothing was impossible.



Edmund Knox reading

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Books

brothers except Eddie. Dilly abandoned faith altogether. Wilfred deserted his father's Evangelical plainness for High Church Anglo-Catholicism with its incense, vestments and Roman-style ritual. Ronnie dismayed everyone, in a passionate search for authority, he "went over" to Rome, and became his adopted church's bright star as newspaper columnist, radio preacher and witty apologist for the faith. Somehow the family ties managed to survive. Even after Ronnie's conversion, the brokenhearted bishop could sign his letters, "With overflowing love, dearest boy."

The family Fitzgerald celebrates is rich in foibles. There are the cherished baths, where Dilly solved his cryptographic riddles and Eddie planned the next week's *Punch*. There is Wilfred, sympathetic for the workers in the 1926 General Strike, but winsomely envious of a fellow cleric gone off to drive a train. And Ronnie, ever the six-year-old boy who had brought a bunch of fresh-picked flowers to his new mother, always needy for the mothering attention of elegant ladies in great country houses. It was under Lady Acton's affectionate (if platonic) wing that he translated his celebrated Bible.

The complex, fascinating brothers took their achievements lightly. In Rome to be honored by Pius XII, Ronald chatted amiably with the Pontiff about the Loch Ness monster. When Edmund, in his 70s, was asked to write his autobiography, he declined, but suggested a title: *Must We Have Lives?* Penelope, happily, decided that they must.

—Mayo Mohs

Inner Tube

FOUR ARGUMENTS FOR THE
ELIMINATION OF TELEVISION

by Jerry Mander

Morrow, 371 pages.

\$11.95 hard-cover, \$4.95 paperback

Pipe arguments are the equivalent of pipe dreams. The farther they wander from probabilities, the more fun and fury they produce. Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear were experts at such arguments. Is too much energy being wasted transporting ham and bacon from farm to dinner table? How pleasurable to insist that pigs must fly. Author Jerry Mander's treatise offers precisely this kind of joyous irresponsibility. The world knows that the megabucks technology of television is not, repeat not, going to be eliminated. On his final page, Mander himself acknowledges that he has no idea how to get rid of the box. But until that terminus he offers the intriguing notion of a society without aerials, reruns or Howard Cosell.

Mander begins well. People who bother to read books at all are usually not proud of the hours they spend staring straight ahead, a book about destroying the tube can be a nice assuager of guilt.

Books

And Mander, a former advertising and public relations agent who grew disenchanting with his meal ticket in the late 1960s, exhorts with all the zeal of the convert and enthusiasm of the initiate. He rattles on like a college freshman who has just been alerted to the difference between illusion and reality. In fact, Mander argues that TV created this difference: "Unlike ordinary life, in which whatever you see actually exists outside you before you let it in through your eyes, a television image gains its existence *only* once you've put it together inside your head."

Throughout, the author displays a certainty about what is concrete in "ordinary life" that would have baffled 2,000 years' worth of philosophers. All of his arguments hang on the Tinkertoy division between what is real and good (trees, marshes, noble savages) and what is deceitful (all artifacts of civilization, especially TV). From this it follows that television 1) obscures the true and the beautiful, 2) turns people into standard-issue consumers, 3) bombards them with artificial light and foreign images and 4) blots out all messages that are inimical to its own survival.

Much of this may be true. McLuhan covered some of the same terrain and saw it was good. Mander hollers that it is horrible. But he punches so wildly that he arouses sympathy for *The Gong Show*. No source is too doubtful or irrelevant to cite, provided it can somehow be mobilized into an attack on the target. "It is known," Mander states ominously, "that light affects the testicular growth of sparrows." The author writes with such urgency that simple distinctions get trampled: "As you may have noticed, a lot of people seem to be going crazy these days. People are shooting each other as never before, walking the streets with blank stares, lying in doorways, making jail a way of life, or living off welfare."

Such inattention to nuance does not inspire confidence. Neither does the author's refusal to notice opposing views. He claims that TV cannot accurately convey ecological issues or the plight of groups like the American Indians who are opposing invading technologies. "But if the battle were fought in books," he says, "Indians might win." In fact, when the battle was fought only in books, the Indians were getting clobbered. The causes Mander espouses became nationwide concerns during the same period that TV was cementing its grip on the country. Coincidence or cause? Mander does not evade an answer. He suppresses the question.

Still, television is the most watched and least perceived invention in history. Despite its weaknesses and unintended hilarities, this book is a reminder that looking at TV does not always mean settling down on the sofa with a beer. At the very least, Mander's prose comes in short digestible chunks, perfect for nibbling at during commercials.

— Paul Gray



Dear Debbera,

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Tristaca



Dear Tristaca,

I was so pleased to get your letter. That's quite an honor to be first in your class. I'm very proud of you. I'm still teaching, but the only classes I'm taking now are ballet. Did you get all the postcards I sent? It was a great trip. I'm looking forward to the holidays now—hope to do a lot of skiing this winter. Take care now and write soon.

Debbera

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And it can handle a lot of other sophisticated things you wouldn't expect in a Louisiana bayou. From conference calls to push-button telephones.

With ITT's electronic switching, Captain Plaisance and his neighbors have big city phone service, miles from any city.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT



Back then every man gave his wife "at least one day a week out of the house."

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



Fashions: Frank Tognino

16 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 77

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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You don't have to settle for a color
picture that won't stay right.
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Shown: The Reynolds, SJ2543E, with Oak veneers on top and ends;
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